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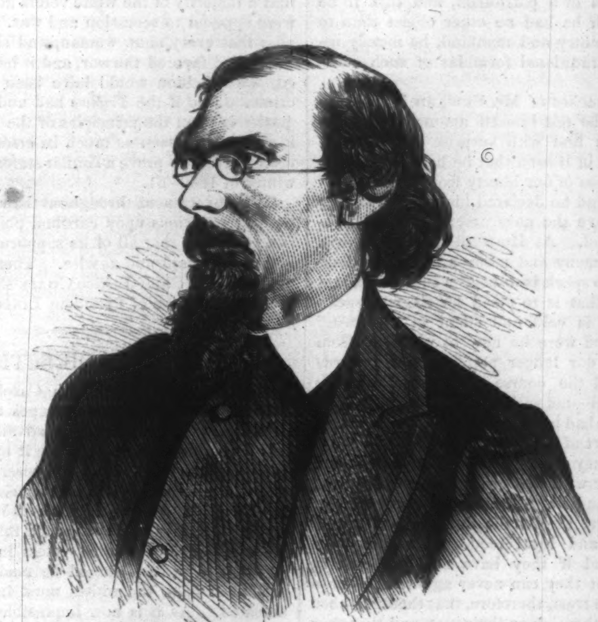
AMERICAN ARTISTS.

We continue this week our series of portraits of the American Artists, giving those of George Inness, John F. Kensett, and S. R. Gifford.

GEORGE INNESS.

Mr. Inness realizes perhaps more than any of our painters the popular idea of an artist. His slight form, his marked features, his sensitive mouth, his high cheek-bones, and sharp-cut prominent brow, which incases dark-brown eyes, now restless and now fixed, as when discussing some question of art or philosophy, or when engaged at his profession in the production of some exquisite effect of color; his long black hair, always in disorder, his ardent temperament and sensitive nature, his ignorance of the "*savoir-faire*" of life—all go to make up the artist. Mr. Inness began to draw and paint when he was a child, in spite of the efforts of prudent parents to turn his attention in other directions. He has made the art of landscape painting his profession for twenty years. In the early days of his career he was with Gigneux; then he went to Europe for two years. Sometimes his pictures have been compared to those of Turner and Rousseau, but he resembles either of these great painters as little as they resemble each other. He is broader and simpler than the one, more subtle than the other, with more of religion than either. He is thoroughly American, but of the highest æsthetical type of the American. He is, in his pictures, what Keats and Hiene are to poetry, what Robert Franz and Beethoven are to music. If he had not possessed an intense love of form and a wondrous sense and power of expression of color, he would have been a preacher or a philosopher in another way, for he has a deep religious nature and an extraordinarily analytical philosophical mind. In his religious faith he is a disciple of Swedenborg, and believes that all material objects in form and color have a spiritual significance and correspondence. Whether or not he succeeds in realizing his belief upon canvas, certain it is that, while never sensational, his pictures are at times the gentlest expression of poetic sentiment, and again are full of the grandeur and majesty of an epic. An illustration of both one and the other may be seen in the series of pictures, "The Triumph of the Cross," now on exhibition at the Russ Gallery.



GEORGE INNESS.

Mr. Inness was born in Newburg, New York, some forty years ago. He has a charming residence and studio near Perth Amboy, where he paints from nature winter and summer. He is an Associate Member of the Academy of Design, and although acknowledged to stand at the head of his profession, for some unexplainable reason he has never yet been elected an Academician.

JOHN F. KENSETT.

There was no pleasanter place in Rome, some years ago, than the spacious studio in which John F. Kensett and Thomas Hicks painted the pictures which were sent home afterward, and many of which are familiar to all who have followed with interest the progress of American art. Nor will the writer of these lines ever forget the lovely evening in Verona when Hicks and he shook hands with Kensett, who said good-by from the top of the diligence, and the next moment was bowling over the great plain of Lombardy toward Paris and America. He was going home to discover what a kind and genial welcome awaited him; to find that the care and fidelity and enthusiasm of years which he had devoted to the pursuit of his art had not been wasted, but had given him a position among the first of American artists—a position which he has never lost. An exquisite poetic perception, a sensitive delicacy of temperament which is affected by the beauty and glory of nature in every aspect, and a conscientious devotion to study which has thoroughly accomplished a remarkable natural facility, explain both the works and the fame of Kensett.

Born in Connecticut he early studied engraving, and was an adept in that kindred pursuit when the stronger talent developed itself, and drew him to landscape art. His residence and industry in England and Italy, and his thoughtful study of the great fathers of his art, have not in the least affected his interest and delight in the aspects of American nature. The Catskill and White Mountains, Lake George and Rhode Island, have been his familiar haunts, and the earnest diligence with which he used to study and draw and color a weed or a burdock-leaf in the Galleria at Albano, in Italy, have enabled him all the more skillfully to represent the long tender lines of Lake George, or the cool, crisp, translucent greenness of the Atlantic surf. If an air of half-dreamy softness overhangs his canvas, and a tender melancholy lurks in the shadowy vistas of lake or grove or valley which he depicts, it is neither the softness of feebleness nor the melancholy of sentimentality. The sweetest songs of Burns are not cheerier than Kensett's pictures, and their melancholy is as breezy and healthful as the shades of Ardennes. In his case the man is the artist. When you see his pictures you see him. And they are of such noble and permanent character and charm because they are so wholly sincere.

S. R. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is one of the best representatives of our landscape school of art, which today may fairly take rank with that of any European nation. Mr. Gifford's pictures are of the kind which do not force themselves upon

JOHN F. KENSETT, N.A.

S. R. GIFFORD, N.A.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

your attention, but rather win you by sympathy and love. Thus he rarely indulges in startling effects of color, nor does he journey far away to seek for scenes which are meant to excite and astonish you, but, with loving eye and gentle hand, he finds and reproduces upon the canvas those views familiar to us all. The placid lake, reflecting tree, and fruit, and mountain; the rough hill-sides and grain-clad valleys of New England; the sea-shore, with boundless stretch of ocean—and all this rendered with fine conception, with careful, laborious touch, with conscientious skill. And in the artist we see the man, earnest, dignified, grave even, were it not for the quiet humor which bubbles out here and there in talk and act. Conscious of the high mission the true artist is called to fill, he tries to obey it, and pays that highest honor to his art by respecting himself. He has a refined sense of the beautiful, and a high expression of order, which exhibits itself in all he does.

Mr. GIFFORD is a native of Saratoga County. He has journeyed and studied in foreign lands, making the tour of Great Britain and the Continent, gathering many studies which have been beautifully reproduced in finished pictures. Mr. GIFFORD is rather tall, with dark eyes and hair, and a face which wins respect and confidence at once. His studio is in the Tenth Street building. He commenced the study of art when fifteen years old, was elected Associate Member of the Academy of Design in 1850, and Academician in 1854. One of the honorable incidents in the history of Mr. GIFFORD is his six months' service as a private soldier in the army during the war.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1867.

THE great national festival returns, and the great principle which hallows it is more precious and more universally acknowledged than ever before. That principle has had both its noblest illustration and its sharpest trial in this country; which must be also the arena of its further progressive vindication. The day itself has a special historical charm for us because of the romance of the Revolution. All the heroic days and figures that have intervened have not obscured the lustre of the Fourth of July, 1776, nor hidden the forms of the men whose act makes it famous. The story is still fresh. The names are still dear. The work, of which they could not foresee the magnitude, still proceeds, and we hand it down to our children. The events of the last few years have shown us more clearly than ever the fundamental truth of the principle upon which our Government is founded. And no duty should be so earnestly enforced upon this anniversary as that of fully comprehending the nature and scope of that principle.

"The sacred rights of mankind," said ALEXANDER HAMILTON, replying to the Tory farmer of Westchester, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power." In such strains of lofty music did the great call to arms begin.

So, in his vindication of the Massachusetts Assembly, JAMES OTIS, the fiery tongue of patriotism, declared: 1. God made all men naturally equal. 2. The idea of earthly superiority, pre-eminence, and grandeur are educational—at least acquired, and not innate. 3. Kings were (and plantation governors should be) made for the good of the people, and not the people for them." And again he exclaims: "There can be no prescription old enough to supersede the law of nature and the grant of God Almighty, who has given all men a right to be free."

When the British troops were expected ninety-nine years ago SAMUEL ADAMS spoke for all the Sons of Liberty in saying: "It is the first principle of civil society, founded in nature and reason, that no law of the society can be binding on any individual without his consent, given by himself in person, or by his representative of his own free election."

On the 28th of June, 1776, THOMAS JEFFERSON, then thirty-three years old, introduced into the Continental Congress the draft of the Declaration of Independence, in which he summed up the common faith of all generous American minds of the time, and in words that have become to us sublime: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Here was no new thought, but the daring act of founding a government upon a principle which a few thinkers had perceived and been held visionary for believing. Here was an act which renounced the ancient theory of society, and planted government upon a moral basis. The political philosophy of the fathers was expressed in the simple phrase, "All men are born equal." It has been foolishly interpreted, and then denied. It has been derided and scorned. It has been passionately contradicted. But out of that doctrine flows our political life. Out of it will spring all the blessings and progress that are to follow. That is what the bells ring and the birds sing on Fourth of July in the morning, and that is the faith which cheers the darkest hour and inspires the utmost humane effort of every faithful American citizen.

THE PRESIDENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE President and the Secretary of State with the Postmaster-General have made a pleasant little summer trip to Boston, and they have returned to meet Congress in Washington. The reception of the Chief Magistrate was such as is always to be expected among a truly free and intelligent people; and the conduct of the President and his party has been happily wholly different from that of their last summer's excursion. During the few days which he passed in New England the President said nothing which he will regret or which the country will remember. To the ceremonial speeches of welcome he made ceremonial replies, and if he said that he had always been devoted to the Union and Constitution, that he rejoiced to believe in the purity of his own patriotism, and that if he knew himself he had no other object than to serve his country and mankind, he merely repeated the traditional formulas of such occasions.

In the speeches of Mr. SEWARD it was easy to see that he felt himself among those who looked upon him with surprise and sorrow. He repeated in Boston that he had learned the great doctrines of our liberty from JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and he declared his pride in having helped to save the government which the fathers founded. At Hartford he said, with a pathos that many and many a heart will feel, "My time to speak is to be at a future age, and the tongue that is to plead for me will speak when mine is cold and silent in the dust." Even so; and were he now to withdraw from public life, nor longer perplex by his words and counsel the course of public affairs, he would be left—not without inexpressible sorrow by those who had hoped always to approve him—to the verdict of that distant tongue.

The journey contrasts most impressively and instructively with that of last year. Then the President and his Secretary set forth to rally a great party amidst the doubts and fears of thoughtful and loyal men. Now they have learned—and if they have not, the country knows—that they can never again hope for a party. We trust, therefore, that there has been no misapprehension on their part, and that they have not supposed the salutation of Massachusetts offered to any body or any thing whatever except the National Government in the person of two of its chief officers. Massachusetts wisely and properly forgot in the President of the United States the individual who in a wild public harangue denounced one of her Senators and one of her eminent citizens as traitors.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE UPON TREASON.

THE assertion of the London *Times* that the United States Government is wise in viewing the rebellion as a great civil war rather than as treason was published here the day after the opinion of Chief Justice CHASE, which states the doctrine of the law upon the subject with great force and clearness. Mr. MACON, of North Carolina, owed a debt in Pennsylvania. During the rebellion he was compelled to pay it to the rebel authorities, who gave him a discharge for it. The Pennsylvania creditors sued for the debt, and Mr. MACON pleaded the "Confederate" discharge. Chief Justice CHASE ruled against him on the ground that the rebel authorities were traitors.

The question of the Constitutionality of secession, the Chief Justice says, is no longer a practical one. "The answer which it has received from events is that which the soundest construction of the Constitution warrants and requires." The war suspended the practical relations to the Union of the States engaged in it, and being levied against the United States by its own citizens, was treason by the very terms of the Constitution. And it was no less treason when waged by ten thousand men for a year than by ten men for a day. Its essential character was not changed because of enormous efforts and immense expenditures. Of course, however, the treatment of a rebellion by a Government is proportioned to its character and method; when it is formidable enough to make war, the Government does not punish the prisoners it takes as criminals, but treats them as far as possible like foreign foes. But this treatment is merely a concession made by the Government at its discretion, and establishes no rights except during the war. The decision in the prize cases is not inconsistent with this view. The Government, by recognizing belligerent rights, did not relinquish any claim of its own when the war should end.

It is true that under such circumstances, when war ceases, the penalties of its violation are seldom enforced upon the multitude of offenders. But that clemency is wholly discretionary. The Government of the United States has been mild beyond precedent. But it has never relinquished its constitutional jurisdiction over all its citizens; it has never conceded to citizens in arms the character of alien enemies, or to their pretended government a *de facto* character.

To this reasoning the *Tribune* replies that the case is greatly altered in a government founded upon popular consent. The conspiracy of a few in such a system implies tyranny to the many, but an immense rebellion argues a very sincere but mistaken conviction that there are wrongs which can be righted only by the sword. But what then? The very fact that they attempt to subvert the Government by violence shows that they are a minority endeavoring to coerce the majority. They may compel a war, but they are still in terms traitors, and their offense treason. The war may be long and doubtful, but the essential facts are not changed. Those who wage war are no less traitors, and it is a question of good sense and expediency merely how the victorious government of the majority will treat them.

On the other hand, the event of war does not in the least determine its justice. The *Tribune* is very fond of repeating its assumption that a majority of the white voters at the South were opposed to secession and war. But suppose that every man, woman, and child at the South had favored the war, and it had succeeded, the rebellion would have been not less a crime. And if the *Tribune* had undertaken to justify it upon the principles of the Revolution it would have been as much in error as it was when it tried to prove a similar statement in the winter of 1860–'61.

The Government throughout the war was extremely sagacious upon cardinal points, and it is a great pity that all of its supporters had not been as constant and as wise. There is a plain good sense in Chief Justice CHASE's view which is very suggestive of President LINCOLN.

THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

GOVERNOR ORR of South Carolina is undoubtedly a gentleman who hopes to turn circumstances and reasons to advantage. He will lose nothing if he can help it by silence or inaction, and he is very much wiser than those who strive to serve "the lost cause" by sullen passivity. The Governor takes the bull by the horns. He says in a late speech that there is a great majority of colored voters in the State, and that if an issue should be made upon the ground of color the whites must inevitably be defeated. As it is now impossible to deprive the colored citizens of the ballot, he insists that the most cordial relations should be cultivated between the races. So far nothing could be more reasonable. This and nothing else will produce harmony and consequent peace. This is in truth acquiescence in the result of the war.

It is the steady disregard of this fact by what is called, with exquisite absurdity, the Conservative party which has caused all the difficulty of reconstruction. The condition of the negro was the cause of the war. The political pretexts were pretexts merely. Except as a method of helping to retain the negro as a slave the doctrine of secession would never have been pushed to actual rebellion. The war decided that he should no longer be a slave, and the practical question at once was what shall be his future position. The Conservative theory was that it should be left wholly to the late masters to determine. The Radical principle was that the country had freed him, and the country should therefore decide what his condition should be. The President held with the Conservatives, and Congress represented the opinion of the country. Congress prevailed, of course, and decided that the colored American should have every guarantee of his rights which the white American has; and from that decision there is no appeal except by arms.

Should we have been any nearer a happy result if the Conservatives had had their way? If, having freed the colored population in the Southern States, we had left them entirely to the will of the late master and rebel class, would the country be more pacified than it is? Indeed, if the Conservative policy had been pursued, is it conceivable that the country would not have been obliged at last to interfere? The victorious people of the free States knew perfectly well that the system of slavery, whatever its material results, had always been our real weakness and shame. They knew that all the horror and burden of the war came from the same system. They knew that the freed slave left alone, landless, and with no other dependence than the good-will of a class which had been baffled in the effort to enslave him forever, was in a worse situation than if he had not his nominal freedom. As this became more and more evident—as the class which as a class had been heroically faithful during the war were seen to suffer the more because of the victory of the very cause they served, the heart and conscience of an intelligent and honorable nation would have protested until endurance became impossible. We must either suppose that Governor ORR would have taken the ground he now occupies if the Radical policy had not prevailed, or we must allow that policy to be truly adapted to the situation. But it is impossible to believe that Governor ORR would have taken this ground; for he was not only one of the leaders of the DOOLITTLE Philadelphia Convention, which proposed to leave the political position of the freedmen wholly to the late rebel masters, but he expressly stated his opposition to equal suffrage, and he even resisted the adoption of the mild amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Finding that he could not have his own way Governor ORR sees that it is wisest to yield to that of the country. He does not pretend to prefer it, but he accepts it as inevitable. He doubtless believes it to be unconstitutional, and probably unwise. But in that we believe him to be as much mistaken as when he believed secession to be constitutional and slavery wise. It is simply impossible that in the State of South Carolina the majority of the population should be absolutely subject to the minority; and if not subject they must be equal. Our political principles, common-sense, and justice demand this equality. Governor ORR wisely concedes it, and the sooner it is universally conceded the sooner there will be actual peace.

But there still remains a vitally important question which we trust Governor ORR has considered, and upon which we shall be glad to have his opinion. How does the Governor propose to establish cordial relations between the races? Suppose, by acquiescence in equal suffrage, the State of South Carolina resumes her relations in the Union, and the National forces are withdrawn. What is likely to be the position in a hostile community of the late slave who can not read nor write, who is surrounded by all the traditions and feelings of slavery, who has no chance of hearing from friends what his rights are, who has no hold upon the soil, and can not get a hold because of the intention of the land-holders not to suffer him to own land? Is it not clear that any man who proposes to cultivate cordial relations with the slave as an equal citizen will interest himself ardently, and first of all, in enabling him to own land and in removing the prejudice against such ownership? If Governor ORR has made any speech favoring that policy we have not seen it.

THE BURNING OF THEATRES.

THE destruction of life by the burning of the Philadelphia theatre a week or two ago again reminds us of the frightful insecurity of our buildings for public resort. Such fires have now become so frequent an event that no sensible person goes to the theatre without calculating the chances of escape, and if the house be full he sits out the performance with a constant and painful anxiety. Fortunately, in Philadelphia, the audience escaped without harm; but every body feels that it was an especially good fortune. It is recorded with satisfaction that there were not many women or children present, nor was the whole number of spectators very large. But had it been otherwise—were a fire to be discovered, for instance, in the New York Academy of Music, crowded with such an audience as assembles to see the Japanese Acrobats, the inevitable consequences are too terrible to imagine.

Happily, since the burning of the Richmond Theatre in 1811, when more than seventy persons perished, there has been no very great destruction of life by these fires. But so awful an event should have made all the theatres in the country secure forever after. How secure they are we all know; and how infinitely greater is the security of European theatres! It is not very easy to discover who is charged with any duty in the city of New York; but whether it be the Commissioner of Public Buildings or the Fire Commissioners who are the official superintendents of the safety of theatres, we hope they will be admonished by the late event in Philadelphia that if any catastrophe springs from a similar cause in New York they will be held to a tremendous responsibility. They can not prevent the panic of a crowd, but they can determine whether the avenues of escape from any building are sufficient. They can also require, or the law should authorize them to require, that every building intended for public resort should be practically fire-proof.

UPON MOBS.

THE excise law may be a very bad law, but it is only a law, and is therefore repealable when public opinion changes. The efforts of its opponents, therefore, should be directed to the enlightenment of public opinion not to resistance of the law. There are an enormous number of persons who are opposed to the law, but who are more resolutely opposed to anarchy. They have had some experience of the latter. They have learned the tender mercies of mobs. They know that whatever the pretense, the process is always the same. They begin with fine phrases about usurpation and the invasion of rights, and end in the most reckless destruction of life and property. It is not difficult when the ignorant part of the population are excited by the vehe-

ment assertion that their rights have been trampled upon to inflame them into riot. But the recoil is terrible. The leaders escape, but the led suffer.

Whoever proposes to overawe the execution of a law by inciting a mob should carefully consider whether his plea is likely to win the real sympathy of the public. We are not speaking of revolution, which is justifiable only when all hope of legal redress is extinguished, and when the horrors of war are less than those of submission to injustice, but of mobs and riots. If, therefore, the enemies of the excise law are wise they will strictly confine their efforts to persuading public opinion that the law ought to be changed. For they may be very sure that the assertion of the right of publicly buying a glass of whisky on Sundays is not a war-cry which will reconcile the public to a repetition of the scenes of four years ago. Every good citizen, whatever his opinion of this particular law, has a very decided opinion of the vital necessity of maintaining the authority of law in general and of preserving public order. Nor is any man who is required to abstain from publicly buying whisky on Sunday asked to do any thing which harms his conscience or invades the equal rights of others. There have been laws in this country which required us to do mean and wicked things; laws which no honorable man could obey. But this law is at most an inconvenience.

We hope, therefore, that if public meetings are to be held, monster meetings, as Mayor Hoffman advised, they will bear in mind his caution that good order be preserved, and that the amendment of laws be sought lawfully. It depends wholly upon the temper and conduct of a great meeting whether it helps or hinders the cause which assembles it.

THE "JUNE RISE."

It would seem as though the anticipations of those who have long predicted a decided improvement in the money and stock markets "about this time" (as the almanacs say), were at last actually in process of realization. Usually there is little business done during the summer until September, but it is customary to look for a certain degree of activity in June. This year, however, June came in without any relief from the long period of previous depression, and the "Bull" operators who had suffered depletion for six months, stood aghast. Stocks even declined from previous quotations, and the temporary gain of April was almost lost. This stagnation continued until about the 20th of the month, when the sky suddenly brightened and stocks took an upward turn without any premonitory symptoms of a rise. Within a week afterward Erie had advanced 7¾; New York Central, 3⅛; Hudson River, 1¾; Michigan Southern, 9⅜; Reading, 2⅜; Illinois Central, 1¾; Northwestern, 8¼; Northwestern Preferred, 6⅝; Pittsburg, 7¾; Rock Island, 7⅜; and Fort Wayne, 6⅝. The improvement, it will be seen from the examples given, was not confined to favorite speculative shares, but pervaded the whole market, affording very material encouragement to the multitude of brokers and operators who had so long suffered from profitless and enforced idleness. The impulse was due partly to declared dividends and favorable exhibits of several of the railways, and partly to an increased disposition of unemployed capital to seek investment.

Government securities have also improved in like ratio, and are more inquired for. There is an increased demand from foreign houses. Express stocks, which the quarrel among the Companies had depressed to a low figure, advanced several per cent. during the closing week of June, thus: Adams advanced 6⅜; American, 5; United States, 5⅜; Wells, Fargo, & Co., 2⅜; and Merchants' Union, 5. They are quoted as follows: Adams, 70 @ 71; American, 68 @ 71; United States, 72 @ 75; Wells, Fargo, & Co., 65½ @ 66½; Merchants' Union, 13¼ @ 13½. The shares of the old Express Companies have always paid good dividends and ought to continue to be desirable investments, unless the sanguinary competition now in progress is allowed to interfere with judicious economy and proper management.

But the quotations of railway shares as given above show an improvement much more marked when compared with those of the end of May, the advance in each description of stock, except Reading, being 8 per cent. and upward, and in the case of Northwestern, 11¼; Hudson River, 9½; Michigan Southern, 12⅜; and Pacific Mail, 13½. Government Sixes of 1881 have advanced 1½; Five-Twenties of 1862, 1¼; do. of 1864, 1⅜; do. of 1865, 1¼; and Five-Twenties of 1865, new issue, 2¼. The high premium which they command here shows the appreciation in which they are held by the American people. It seems singular that the English prefer to pay 94 for their Consols which yield only 3 per cent. interest, instead of buying United States securities at 74 which bear 6 per cent. interest. Perhaps some of them can explain the reason. Is the credit of their Government better than ours?

It is obvious from the statements given that the general tone of business in Wall Street is improving. The prospects of a good harvest and the abundance of unemployed capital, to be further increased by the dividend disbursements of July, have stimulated an active demand for all the better classes of stocks. Still, operations are confined chiefly to the brokers themselves, although there are indications that the public are becoming more venturesome and disposed to invest. Every one is buying for a rise, as is invariably the case in a rising market. Days pass, and no orders to sell are given. As usual, predictions are made of a still further advance, but no great activity can reasonably be expected during the heat of the summer, when business of all kinds languishes, and half the population go to the country. The money market continues easy; private parties and the Trust and Insurance Companies have abundant funds to lend. The facilities for borrowing favor speculation. Altogether the financial condition seems healthy, and the unmistakable "June rise" which has occurred affords much encouragement for the future. There is less anxiety than was shown recently respecting the action of Congress in its July session, under the conviction that nothing will be done to the tariff or the currency, as some apprehensive persons have intimated.

NATURAL DISCONTENT.

The Democratic papers can neither forgive the President, under whose administration the rebellion was suppressed, nor the rebel Generals who frankly own their cause to be hopelessly lost. Thus the Albany *Argus* sneeringly says that General Longstreet urges acquiescence because he wishes to be elected United States Senator; and the New York *World* says of the late President:

"A monument to the late lamented Lincoln is projected in Atlanta, and a virulent paper suggests that the ruins of the town be allowed to stand as the most appropriate memorial of that martyr."

No wonder the Democratic papers sneer at General Longstreet, who says:

"Like other Southern men I naturally sought alliance with the Democratic party, merely because it was opposed to the Republican party. But as far as I can judge there is nothing tangible about it, except the issues that were staked upon the war and there lost. Finding nothing to take hold of except prejudice, which can not be worked into good for any one, it is proper and right that I should seek some standpoint from which good may be done. If I appreciate the principles of the Democratic party, its prominent features oppose the enfranchisement of the colored man, and deny the right to legislate upon the subject of suffrage, except by the States, individually. These two features have a tendency to exclude Southern men from that party; for the colored man is already enfranchised here, and we can not seek alliance with a party that would restrict his rights."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO DISCOVERERS.

It has been said on authority that no great discovery in science or art met the approbation of men distinguished for their scientific attainments, on being submitted to them by their discoverers and inventors. A mortifying fact as it is, its publication has not made those occupying high places in the Temple of Knowledge any wiser than those who have occupied the same seats before them.

Lighting cities by gas, when first proposed, was declared to be impracticable. A discovery of the circulation of the blood was opposed by the greatest physicians of that age as ridiculous. Steam as a power was voted an absurdity. Crossing the Atlantic, when steamers were universal on lakes and rivers, was condemned as a hopeless undertaking. Telegraphs had a mighty struggle with the philosophers, capitalists, and all people of supposed sense, as an Utopian conception of a schemer. After spreading over all civilized countries like the web of a spider, it was voted by those who could see further into a mill-stone than any body else it could not be carried across the ocean, as there was an abyss that could never be crossed. Ether was in a drawn battle with surgeons till they were compelled to surrender at last, as the combined evidence of the world was against them. India rubber could gain no confidence with manufacturers when proposed for all kinds of utilitarian purposes, because they didn't believe it could be used for any thing but rubbing out pencil-marks. As for sewing-machines, they had to sew themselves into universal favor against the combined judgment of about a million of tailors that they were good for nothing; and the outcry of twice as many women, even if they were likely to succeed they ought to be discountenanced, as they would be the means of throwing unnumbered multitudes of poor females out of employment. Tailors have made fortunes in a quarter of the time required before the machines were invented, and women are in more demand than ever before to work them.

Another fact worth noting in this connection is the no less curious historical declaration that nearly all the truly useful inventions and discoveries were made by persons enjoying neither prominence in society nor the acquaintance of those who control money or public opinion; and yet they have been the instrumentalities, under the guidance of a Divine Providence, of advancing civilization and bettering the condition of mankind.

With such a lesson as this for contemplation it behooves those who are consulted by men of brains not to decide hastily against propositions they can not readily comprehend because the new idea happens not to agree with their own narrow conceptions of what they consider neither beautiful, serviceable, nor useful.

MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN HAND.

Even a philosopher is overwhelmed with astonishment when he reflects with any degree of attention on the mechanical structure of the hand. In the first place, the frame-work of the organ, the bones entering into the composition of that member, is a master-piece of aggregated contrivances, which throw into the shade the most perfect contrivances of man in point of combinations and efficiency.

From the shoulder to the tips of the fingers there are thirty-two distinct bones, curiously articulated one with another, which could not be imitated with any expectation of success; viz., one shoulder-blade; one collar-bone; one arm-bone; two in the fore-arm; eight in the carpus, or wrist; five in the palm of the hand; two in the thumb; and twelve in the fingers. Next, to move those thirty-two bones in all the directions they were designed to act, there is a perfect labyrinth of delicate cordage, which, when separated and distinctly displayed, show that there are forty-six muscles—and some anatomists make more—to extend, bend, turn, clench, unclench, nip, squeeze, and make all the movements which we can give the arm and hand by simply willing to do so.

But in order that the mind may hold positive control over those thirty differently-formed bones by the forty-six muscles, of which no two are alike, there are long nerves running like telegraphic wires from the arm-pit to the smallest fibre of every muscle. From the plexus in the axilla, or arm-pit, the nerves hold communication, through the intervention of other nerve-threads, with the brain. One set of nerves, or rather telegraph cords, convey messages to the fingers, and another set send back word to the brain of the reception of the order and how business is transpiring.

Besides all these complications, to nourish and keep the several parts vitalized there are arteries, veins, lymphatics, absorbents, exhalent tubes and tissues almost beyond enumeration, to keep the whole in working order. And when in good condition, what power it exerts! It conveys an ineffable language, which even brute animals understand. It menaces, invites, repels, or gives character and grandeur to the expressions of an orator. It is a hammer, a vice, a punch, wrench, a lever, a pry, a force and a mighty power by which the pyramids were reared, cathedrals called into being from the hardest quarries; and all that is amazing, surprising, delicate, or calculated to advance civilization in art, literature, and science, is accomplished by those wonderful instruments—human hands.

ORIGIN OF HONEY-DEW.

Formerly it was the opinion of botanists that the sweet coatings of certain leaves of plants was an exudation from the upper surface vessels through the solar or atmospheric influence. Entomologists have discovered the incontrovertible fact that honey-dew is a product of insects, almost too small to be seen by the unassisted eye, called plant-lice, belonging to the genus *aphis*, order *homoptera*. Small ants, like all families of ants, are excessively fond of sweets. They traverse apple-trees and other fruit-bearers infested by lice, discriminating instantly the individuals yielding the saccharine fluid. By gently patting them on their backs with their antennæ or feelers, the louse forces out the honey-dew through a minute nipple. It is quickly sucked up, and away the gratified ant goes down the limb and finally to its house near the roots to feed its young. Thousands are thus operating in a sunny morning, milking their dairy. Spare the field ants then, for they prevent the too great multiplication of the aphis, that would otherwise destroy more trees than they do.

WALKING.

Feet were intended for use, and yet immense numbers of sensible people seem to think walking on them is a hardship. Those who ride in carriages habitually have degenerated limbs. The muscles become attenuated in consequence of not being constantly active. Rope-dancers, horseback-riders, and indeed all who are using their legs as they were designed to be, have them finely developed. The more they are exercised the stronger and more symmetrical they become. But another great gain results from walking more than one rides. It brings into harmonious play the whole muscular cordage of the body. A healthy condition of all the internal organs follows, and the secretions are admirably conducted by pedal exercises. It is a pleasant condition of eminent civilization to ride any way, but particularly luxurious to bound off in one's own soft-cushioned carriage; but there is a penalty positively following too much comfort of that kind. Digestion becomes impaired, the legs diminish in size; and the individual who rides when he can, and rarely walks, is soon weary when the attempt is made. Longevity is the compensation for free outdoor walking, without much reference to weather, when business or duty requires it. We were created for use, not altogether for ornament.

AIR-GUNS.

Air-guns have been known for more than a hundred years, yet they are rather appendages to the lecture-room of the professor than for practical purposes. By the compressed air in a metallic ball, permitted to escape by the opening of a valve, ten, twenty, and possibly fifty balls may be discharged in a single minute with the deadly force of powder. The larger the volume of compressed air the greater the momentum of the bullet. A question has come up why such arms would not be of the highest importance in the time of war. Cannon might batter a fortress into powder, and ten regiments attack a fortified city with showers of balls without alarming the sentinels, because there is no report.

CROQUET.

The rim of her hat casts a shade o'er her face;
  From beneath, a stray curl, with the sun all aglow,
Floats out on the breeze, as she stands in her place,
  With mallet in hand, to deliver the blow.

One slight fairy foot just a step in advance
  Of the other, its mate, half hidden, half seen;
And from out her bright eyes a quick, roving glance,
  As her ball bounds away o'er the close-shaven green.

Straight beneath the first arch—it is always the same—
  Cousin Clare seldom misses in making her play,
For Mam'selle has, through practice and love of the game,
  To give the French accent, grown skilled at *Croquet*.

But I at this game with the mallet and balls
  Am like to a blacksmith that handles a sledge;
And the blow I deliver unwittingly falls
  With the force that is needed to drive out a wedge.

Besides, being awkward and new to the play,
  Those bronze balmorals, of so dainty a size,
Will attract my attention, strive hard as I may
  Not to mention the glances that fall from her eyes.

Why is it at times, when we two sit alone,
  In the cool summer-room with the blinds closely drawn,
She will rise, as my voice takes a lover-like tone,
  To propose of a sudden a game on the lawn?

She is lovely, this maiden with wavy gold hair,
  And eyes soft and bright as the glance of a star;
But I fear that the name for my sweet cousin Clare
  Is that of our game if you leave out the R.

Let her flirt as she pleases, and act her own part,
  Make conquests by scores; yet one day, I'll be bound,
Some adept in matters concerning the heart
  Will "strike her ball out" ere she goes the grand round.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Fort Wallace, Kansas, on the Smoky Hill route, was attacked by 400 Indians on June 21. The garrison, 40 men of the Third United States Infantry and the Seventh United States Cavalry, lost seven men, but repulsed the Indians with a loss of twenty men. A camp of railway employés, on the same route, near Fort Harker, was attacked on June 27, and one white and six Indians killed.

NEWS ITEMS.

A society for the suppression of gambling is being privately organized in New York City.

A fraudulent over-issue of nearly $4,000,000 of the city notes of New Orleans by the City Treasurer was exposed by Mayor Heath on June 26.

FOREIGN NEWS.

England has united with the other European Powers in demanding of Turkey a peaceful settlement of the Candian conflict.

The Florence agent of Rothschild, the banker, lately concluded a loan to the Italian Government of $450,000,000 on the security of the Church property in Italy. Rothschild refused, on June 6, to ratify the loan as made by the agent, and stated, in extenuation of the lack of faith, that "he never intended to become the instrument of the Italian Government for persecuting and ruining the clergy." Erlanger of Paris, and Schroder of London, then came forward, and in order to relieve the Italian Government undertook to collect the proposed tax of $600,000,000 on the Church property.

There were four hundred and fifty Catholic archbishops and bishops and about thirty thousand priests in Rome on June 27. The Pope held a public Consistory, at which he delivered an allocution on the situation of the Church, and warned its "enemies" of its immense earthly power.

Tampico, Mexico, was occupied by the Liberals on June 9, and Mexico City on June 20. Vera Cruz is still held by the Austrian legion.

The Archduke Maximilian, of Mexico, was executed at San Luis Potosi on June 19. The following are the official telegrams announcing it:

United States Steamer "Tacony," Vera Cruz, *June* 25, *via* New Orleans, *June* 30.

The Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Maximilian was shot on the 19th instant. Begged hard for his corpse for the Austrian captain, and was refused. The City of Mexico surrendered on the 20th. Vera Cruz holds out on account of the Foreign Legion. Diaz orders no acceptance of surrender. Am moored between Nelva and North Bastion; *Jason* in company. Letter by mail.

F. A. Roe, Commander.

Southwest Pass, Louisiana, *June* 29, 1867.

To Count Wydenbruck, Austrian Minister, Washington:

I came here from Vera Cruz to telegraph of the condemnation and death by shooting of the Emperor Maximilian at seven o'clock on June 19. President Juarez refused to deliver up his body.

Groller Tiehoff,
Commanding Austrian Sloop.

"WAITING."

Among the many benevolent institutions of Brooklyn is the Graham Institution for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females, more familiarly known as the "Old Ladies' Home," and located at the corner of De Kalb and Washington avenues. Indigent females, on the payment of $100, are admitted into the Home and cared for without further expense to them for the remainder of their lives. There are now over fifty inmates. By the Report of the Treasurer it appears that the original sum which they paid for admission has never been drawn upon, and that the institution is wholly supported by the churches and people of Brooklyn.

Our artist lately visited the Home in search of material of interest to the public, but found that in an Institution like this, consecrated to the shelter and comfort of the few remaining days of old age, few startling incidents or scenes were to be found. The advanced age of its inmates and their physical disabilities preclude any thing like the busy hum of active employment or amusement; their life is in the "sere and yellow leaf," and they seek these sheltering walls with the full assurance of peace and rest, looking back upon their former troubles as a closed volume, and forward to the Christian's promise of a brightened future—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." This reflection in the artist's mind, and the appearance of two venerable old ladies in the room to which he was admitted, suggested the beautiful drawing which is given on page 441.

HECK HALL.

AMONG the several enterprises begun by the Methodist Episcopal Church during its first centennial was the erection at Evanston, Illinois, under the auspices of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association and the Garrett Biblical Institute, of the fine Hall of which we give this week an accurate engraving. This is the first of the many connectional enterprises started during the centennial which has as yet been completed. It stands on the edge of a primeval grove near Evanston, which is also occupied as the campus of the Northwestern University. The upper windows overlook the blue waters of Lake Michigan on the east, and prairie and forest landscapes of great beauty are visible in every other direction. The Hall affords, it is believed, accommodations for students of greater completeness than have ever before been combined in any American college or theological seminary. It is named in commemoration of Mrs. BARBARA HECK, who, in 1766, aided PHILIP EMBURY in the organization of the original and memorable John Street Church in the city of New York. At the end of a hundred years her monument is grandly reared in the heart of a continent, to the border of which she came as an humble emigrant. Heck Hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on July 4.

INTERIOR OF FANEUIL HALL.

WE gave in the *Weekly* of July 6 a picture of the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, upon which was rang the "first peal for Liberty;" we give in this Number an engraving of the interior of "the Cradle of American Liberty," as Faneuil Hall at Boston has been called in consequence of having been the gathering-place of the "Sons of Liberty" during the incipient stages of the Revolution. The original Hall was built in 1742 by PETER FANEUIL, and by him presented to the city. The basement was intended for a market, and the upper story for public meetings. This was burned in 1761, and the town immediately rebuilt it. When the British took possession of Boston they committed many depredations; "South Meeting-house" was changed into a riding-school for the British cavalry; its parsonage was pulled down for fuel for the troops, and its fine library used as kindling-wood; the North Chapel, the steeple of West Church, and the "Liberty Tree," which stood at the corner of the present Washington and Essex streets, and under which the "Sons of Liberty" held their first meetings, were used for the same purpose, but the Bostonians were most indignant at the conversion of Faneuil Hall into a theatre. The Hall as it existed in 1776 was enlarged in 1805 by the addition of another story to its present dimensions; otherwise the exterior is preserved as it was during the Revolution. The original vane, a huge grasshopper, still turns upon the pinnacle.

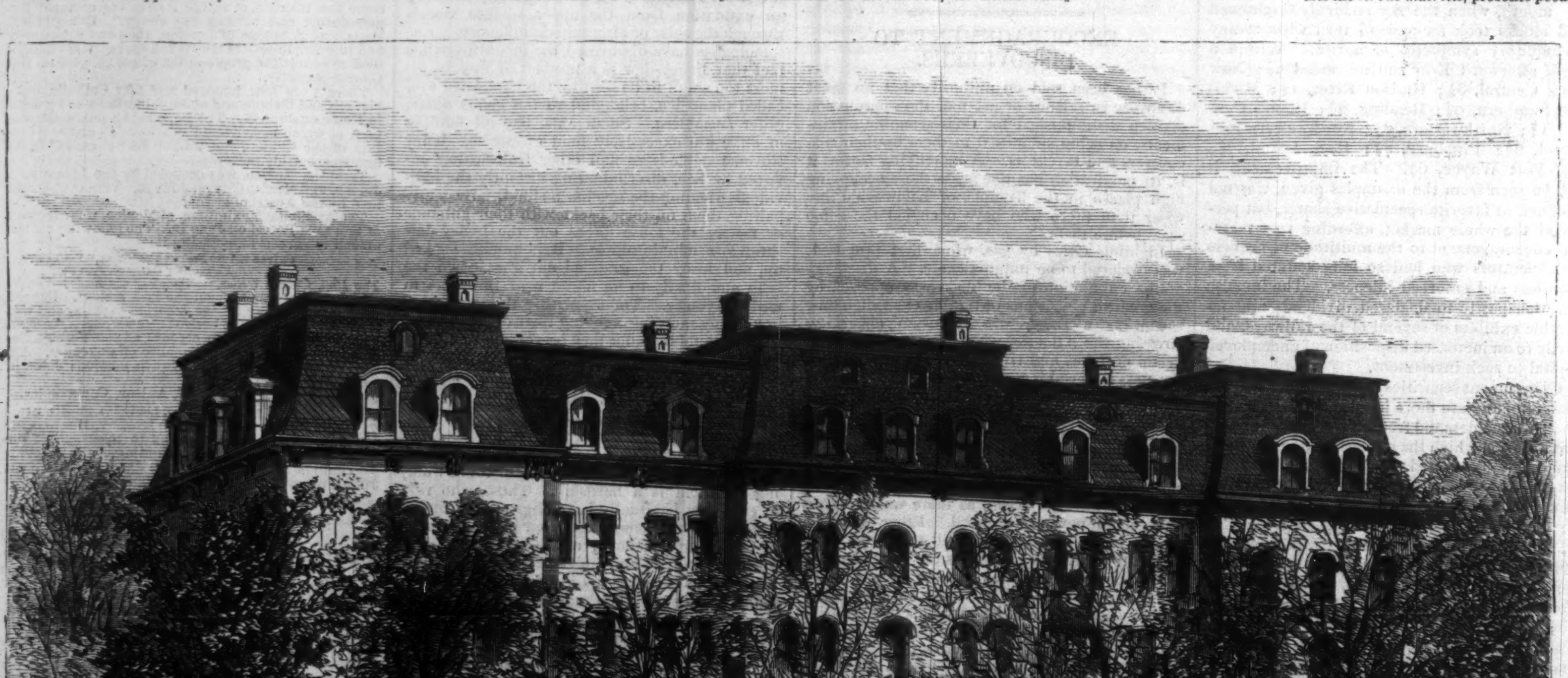
Our engraving shows the interior of the room on the second-floor for public meetings as it exists to-day, and will give the reader a better idea of it than can possibly be done by description. The large picture which hangs in the centre of the wall behind the Chairman's desk represents DANIEL WEBSTER delivering his celebrated reply to HAYNE in the Senate Chamber of the United States. On the left are portraits of JOHN HANCOCK and PETER FANEUIL; and on the right a portrait of SAMUEL ADAMS and STUART'S full-length portrait of WASHINGTON. On the right and left below are portraits of LINCOLN, EVERETT, and ANDREWS, State and National representative men of the present age.

STATUETTE BY CONKEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

ANIMALS OF THE PLAINS.

WE devote page 445 of this issue of the *Weekly* to two illustrations of animals which are to be found on the American prairies; and accompany them with the following descriptions by the artist, Mr. S. C. BEARD:

THE MULE DEER, called by naturalists the *cervus macrotis*, presents pecul-



HECK HALL, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATTIAM, CHICAGO.]

iarities that distinguish it from any other described variety of the deer family. It is found on the shores and plains of the Upper Missouri and the vast plateaus at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Its habits are more like those of the stag than the common deer of America, except that it does not run at full speed but bounds along, raising all its feet from the ground at the same time. It is a larger and coarser animal than the common red deer. Its ears reach more than half-way to the top of its antlers, and from this circumstance it derives its name. Its tail, shaped entirely unlike that of any other deer, is of a whitish gray color tipped with a brush of jetty black. There are also some black hairs on the back, and a black stripe along the neck and shoulders. A long tuft of hair hangs about each of the hoofs, which are shorter and wider than those of the Virginian deer. Its horns present the marked peculiarity of a bifurcation of each of the prongs of the antlers, giving to the horns of the developed animal a branching tree-like appearance.

THE AMERICAN ARGAL, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, as it is commonly called, is found from the Arctic regions to California, inhabiting the most elevated pastures found among the mountains. They collect in flocks from three to thirty. They are perhaps a size larger than ordinary sheep; their wool is very dissimilar to that of the domestic animal, that on the fore part of the skin having all the apparent qualities of fine wool, but on the back part much resembling cotton, the whole being mixed with coarse hairs. The horns, which are uncommonly large, give the animal the name of "Big Horn" among the native hunters. The color of the Rocky Mountain sheep is generally a gray with a yellowish or reddish line down the back. In winter the upper parts incline to red, the under parts and breast are much lighter than the rest of the animal, and the hump presents the invariable light patch by which most of the southwestern American ruminants are distinguished. It is extremely difficult to capture the Rocky Mountain sheep alive, and it is utterly impossible to preserve them when taken to any other region than that in which they are found.

ALISON THE HISTORIAN.

THE death of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, author of the well-known "History of Europe during the Wars of the French Revolution and Empire" (published by HARPER & BROTHERS), was noticed in this journal two or three weeks ago. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and had finished his voluminous literary labors, including a sequel to the work just mentioned, bringing down the history of Europe to the accession of NAPOLEON III., in 1852. His other writings comprised the biography of the Duke of Marlborough, that of Lord Castlereagh, a treatise on the principles of population, and a collection of political and miscellaneous essays contributed mostly to *Blackwood's Magazine*, besides a work on criminal law published while he was at the bar. He had considerable ability, and great industry; as a compiler of historical narrative, his work is the only connected account of the history of modern Europe in our language. An immense number of copies of his principal work have been sold in this country. The book is certainly readable; though less brilliant than that of THIERS, it is far more correct in its statements of fact. The comments and disquisitions accompanying his narrative of events have no particular value; he was not a profound philosopher, nor had he the special faculty of analyzing the causes and motives of political transactions. His chief success is in describing the scenes of a military campaign, which he treats often in a most graphic and animated style.

THE LATE SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON THE HISTORIAN.

Though born at Kenley, in Shropshire, Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON was a Scotchman by parentage, education, and residence during most of his life. His father was the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALISON, Prebendary of Sarum, and author of a small treatise, which once attracted the attention of students of mental philosophy, entitled "Essays on Taste." He was brought up at the University of Edinburgh, where he took high honors in Greek and mathematics. After traveling a few years on the Continent, he began to practice at the Scottish bar, and in 1822 was appointed one of the deputies of the Lord Advocate. In 1834, on the first publication of the "History of Europe," he obtained from Sir ROBERT PEEL the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, which he held till his death. He was created a Baronet by Lord DERBY'S Government in 1852. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1855, and of the University of Glasgow in 1861; he received, also, the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

MARKET SCENE IN MACON.

"GOING to market" is to the Southerner one of the most important labors of the week. The duty devolves on him only once a week; and on each recurring Saturday he *and* she devote their undivided attention to marketing. The country people crowd into the towns to sell their products and purchase their wares, and are made welcome by the tradesmen and heads of families generally. The town market-house is generally the scene of the sharp practice and brilliant diplomacy which grow out of all efforts at "barter;" but in many places the country-people make the circuit of the town and furnish their eggs and butter at the doors of the stores and residences. From our artist's sketch of the market in Macon, Georgia, it would appear that the negro population have taken possession of the public place of that town, and are at once chief salesmen and purchasers.

MARKET SCENE IN MACON, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER I.

MABEL "JOINS" WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mabel, after the first few minutes, found herself as much at home with all the family as though she had never quitted her uncle's roof. In Uncle John and Aunt Mary she found no change at all, except that they were dearer and kinder than ever. And though her cousins had grown out of recognition at first, yet as they recalled together sundry childish adventures, the well-remembered expression returned to each face, and Mabel could see them again as they used to be; Jack, a wild harum-scarum hobbledehoy, forever falling into scrapes and marvelously scrambling out of them, but under all circumstances the hero and idol of the two little girls; and Janet, a grave, silent, sober little body, devoted to her father even from her baby days, and invariably peace-maker in any of the rare dissensions that arose among them.

Janet was now a young woman of nineteen, and—her mother's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—was certainly not pretty, though hers was a face that few people would forget, and fewer, having once seen it, would not like to see again. She was very pale, with a complexion of a thick creamy white, and hair of too light a flaxen hue to be flattered by the appellation of golden. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were fortunately of a darker shade of brown, and her gray eyes were set very deep beneath a broad, overhanging forehead. Her mouth, though wide, was singularly sweet in expression, and her jaw somewhat too massive, but well curved, and with a charming dimple in the chin. Her figure, rather above the middle height, was spare and ungraceful, and she had a slight stoop in the shoulders, occasioned by years of weak health.

"I'm sorry Polly couldn't be here to meet you, dear," said Aunt Mary; "she is looking forward to seeing you with such pleasure. Her husband is very busy to-day, and the little one is ailing slightly, so she could not well leave home, but she will come to-morrow."

"What is Polly's new name, Aunt Mary? You told me that her husband was a teacher of music, but did not tell me his name."

"Oh, his name is Bensa, Carlo Bensa; and Polly is called Madame Bensa. Think of Polly being Madame any body!"

"An Italian?"

"An Italian, and a very clever singing-master. But what is more important, he is the best creature in the world, and he perfectly worships Polly."

Mrs. Walton—by that name she was always addressed, and by that name I shall call her in these pages—would not suffer the evening sitting to be prolonged as far into the night as the younger people would have had it.

"Mabel is tired," she said. "The Parliament is dissolved. I am only in the farce to-night, so I need not be at the theatre before half past nine. But I must positively know that Mabel is comfortably in bed before Jack and I set off. We have put you a little bed in Janet's room, my dear. You won't mind sharing her chamber? It is an airy room, and the largest in the house, though, to be sure, that isn't saying much for its dimensions." With that Mrs. Walton led the way up stairs and saw Mabel peacefully composed for her night's rest before she betook herself to the theatre.

The next day, Saturday, was a busy one for Mrs. Walton. She was occupied at rehearsal all the morning, and had to play in two pieces at night; so Mabel had no opportunity for the quiet talk with her which she was very anxious to have. When she said something respecting her wish to talk over her own prospects, Aunt Mary (who was trimming a muslin apron with blue ribbon to be worn that evening as part of the costume of a smart soubrette) kissed her, and bade her wait patiently until the morrow, when she and Uncle John and Mabel would hold a Cabinet Council.

"Now, Mabel, my child," said Aunt Mary, after church on Sunday, when she and her husband and niece were quietly seated in the little sitting-room in her own home; "now, Mabel, let us hear what you wish, and what you propose, and what you expect? And then Uncle John and I will give you the best help and advice we can."

"Dear Aunt Mary, what I wish is to be a good actress; what I propose is to set about beginning to learn my profession practically as soon as may be; what I expect is—" Mabel paused a moment doubtfully, and then resumed: "Well, what I expect is that, with youth and strength, and a determination to work hard, and a good motive to spur me on to exertion, and your help, dear aunt and uncle, I shall be able to earn my own living, and even to do something to help mamma and educate dear little Julian."

"Well answered, Mabel," said her uncle, passing his hand lightly over the girl's head as he spoke; "well answered, little woman. How her voice reminds me of Philip's, to be sure! Just as I can remember the sound of it when we were mere lads together." And the blind man sighed softly.

His wife instantly pressed closer to him and took one of his hands between hers.

"Bless thee, Mary," said her husband. "Don't think I'm fretting, my own one. No, no; the sound of the child's voice carried me back to the days of lang syne for a moment. But there was no Mary in those days; no Mary and no bairns. I wouldn't lose you and change back again, wifie; not even to see the blessed sunshine again. But come, come! We're a pretty cabinet council, wasting our time on any thing but the matter in hand—though perhaps that has been known to happen in more august assemblies. Well now, Mabel, I need not ask if you have my sister-in-law's consent to making this attempt, because I'm sure you wouldn't go against her wishes."

"Mamma disliked the idea very much at first, Uncle John. The people about her are full of the strongest prejudices against every thing connected with the theatre. But she yielded to my strong wish at last."

"Good! Still another thing must be thought of, Mabel. You were unfortunate in your first experiment at governessing. But we are not to conclude from that that all schools are like the school at Eastfield, or that all school-mistresses are like Mrs. Hatchett. The good we can get out of the prejudices of other people is to learn to try to overcome our own. Have you quite made up your mind that such a position, even under favorable circumstances, would be distasteful to you?"

"Quite, Uncle John."

"You know, Mabel, if you go on the stage you will have many rubs to encounter. It isn't all smooth sailing, even for the lucky ones. You must make up your mind to work hard, to be patient, and to hold a steady course undauntedly. You know the Arabian story which tells how the princess had to climb a rugged mountain to reach the magic bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. The mountain was strewn with black stones, the petrified remains of those who had striven in vain to reach the summit. The sole condition of success was to turn a deaf ear to the clamor of taunting voices that filled the air, and tempted one to look back. The princess wisely distrusted her own strength, so she filled her ears with cotton, and having thus rendered them impervious to the mocking voices, made her way victoriously up the hill, and seized the prize she had come for. Now, Mabel, you certainly can not stuff your ears with cotton, but you must fill your mind and occupy your attention with thoughts that shall serve to deaden very considerably the idle babble that might otherwise distract you from the goal."

"Dear uncle, I will try. I don't fear work, and I am most willing to learn. It must be a steep hill that shall turn me, Uncle John."

"Well, my child, God prosper you! You're my dear brother's own daughter, every inch of you. Tell Phil a thing was difficult, and you might be sworn he would try to master it. I've done my preachment, Mabel. I have plenary absolution to talk as much as I like. I can do so little—so very little—besides. When it comes to real practical business I must hand you over to Aunt Mary."

"I'm sure, John," said his wife, indignantly, "you're very practical. Now, dear Mabel, since you are resolved, I must tell you what plan we had talked over among ourselves. We go, as I told you, to Kilclare every summer. The manager is an old acquaintance of mine, and, as the place is small, and every thing on a diminutive scale, and he can't afford a large company, I dare say he would be very glad to give you a trial. Only I fear, Mabel, you mustn't expect any salary at first; but if you do well it will not be long before you will be able to earn a salary, never fear. The first thing to be done is to write to Moffatt—he is the manager of the Kilclare circuit—and hear what he says. I have not the least doubt as to his answer. Then you must get up in a few stock pieces. The leading lady won't let you have much business."

"Much business, Aunt Mary?"

"Many good parts, child. But I shall stipulate for one or two of the lightest of the juvenile lead, to give you practice; and then you must take walking ladies, or utility, or whatever comes uppermost."

"Oh, of course, aunt." (Mabel guessed at the meaning of these terms.)

"And then we must see about dresses for you. Fortunately Polly is on a larger scale than you are, so the chief alterations needed will be to take in, and that's always easy. There are a good many of her costumes lying by. We will see about all that to-morrow. You'll take Polly's old place with me. Janet's always busy with her father, you know. The first time I went to Kilclare without Polly I felt quite lost. It will be the greatest comfort in the world to me to have you; but here are Polly, and Jack, and Janet, and Charles, and baby, all coming across the square. Now, Mabel, prepare to like my son-in-law very much, and to fall over head and ears in love with baby."

CHAPTER II.

MESOPOTAMIA AND THE VIOLIN.

Madame Bensa ran into the sitting-room with outstretched arms, and catching Mabel in them, hugged her heartily.

"You dear little thing!" she cried. "How pretty you've grown; and you're taller than you promised to be. But I should have known you any where. The same eyes; the same smile. Goodness, what a booby you must be, Jack, not to have recognized her instantly! Charles, come here and be presented to your cousin, Mabel Earnshaw. His name is Carlo, but I couldn't possibly call him by it; it sounds so like a dog, doesn't it? At least pronounced in my English fashion. And I *can't* roll my r's. And here's baby. Isn't she fat? And she never cries. I consider those the two most charming qualities possible in a baby." So Polly rattled on in a blithe, good-humored way that infected one with good spirits, and looked as buxom and pleasant a young matron as you could desire to behold. Her husband was a quiet, ugly, bright-eyed little man, very simple and gentle in manner. An atmosphere of peace and good-will pervaded the family circle.

Mr. Moffatt, the manager, wrote a very gracious letter to Mrs. Walton, consenting to give her young relative a trial on the very handsome conditions of her performing gratis, finding her own wardrobe, and making herself generally useful in the business of the theatre.

"What sort of study are you, Mabel?" asked her aunt one morning, bringing into the room a pile of queer little books, covered with yellow, green, or brown paper.

"What sort of study, Aunt Mary?"

"I mean, do you learn by heart easily and quickly?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Because I've got a list from Mr. Moffatt of the pieces most likely to be done during the first week. And you had better begin to get some of them into your head at once."

"Oh yes, aunt," said Mabel, eagerly, seizing on the little pile of books and turning them over one by one. Her face fell a little as her examination proceeded. "I don't know any of these," she said, looking up.

"No, of course not. How should you? That's why I was anxious that you should have time to write out a few parts. These are chiefly prompt-books, and you will not be able to keep them."

"But," said Mabel, hesitating, and slowly turning over a few leaves, "they seem to me to be—to be dreadful nonsense!"

"You'll find that they act well enough, dear."

"I thought, Aunt Mary, that I might perhaps have one or two parts in Shakspeare. I don't mean the leading parts, although I have studied Rosalind, and Cordelia, and Imogen, and nearly all Juliet. I mean little parts like Celia, or Hero, or Jessica."

Aunt Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mabel, that you won't get Celia, or Hero, or Jessica, for the very sufficient reason that the plays those characters are in are not at all likely to be done. Such a thing might happen on a benefit, or a bespeak; but otherwise Moffatt sticks to tragedy and farce. But we're sure to do Hamlet, and I will stipulate for Ophelia for you. Moffatt's leading lady can't turn a tune, and so Ophelia generally falls to the singing chamber-maid. But that's very bad, of course. Meanwhile get up in those parts that I've marked with a pencil—there's a good girl."

Aunt Mary bustled away to rehearsal, leaving Mabel seated before the play-books, uncertain upon which of them to begin. At length she took up a melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, with a band of robbers, and a forest, and a castle, and a virtuous heroine in distress, and her equally virtuous though not equally distressed confidential friend—for there is a proportion to be observed in these things, and it would never do to plunge the walking lady into an equal depth of misery with the first lady—and a great many high-flown speeches, full of the most exalted sentiments, but a little hazy as to grammar, and containing, perhaps, a somewhat undue proportion of the vocative case.

Janet was seated opposite her cousin, engaged in making a fair copy of very confused and blotted manuscript. John Earnshaw had recently dictated to her several papers on chemistry, which had been accepted and paid for by the editor of a magazine which professed to present scientific subjects in a popular form. Small sums of money have given a deal of happiness in this large world; but perhaps no small sum of money ever occasioned a purer joy than was felt by Mary Walton Earnshaw when the post-office order arrived in payment for her husband's first article. It was curiously pathetic to hear her expressions of proud delight, and the ingenious manner in which she endeavored to convince John—having first most thoroughly convinced herself—that those two or three guineas were more important to the household exchequer than all the earnings of the rest of the family put together. Janet, as her father's amanuensis, was making a fair copy of a manuscript while Mabel was looking over her play-books.

"I am afraid," said Janet, looking attentively at her cousin, "that you don't much like your task, Mabel?"

Mabel blushed. "Oh," said she, "I am afraid you will think I'm but a poor creature to break down at the first trial! But it is not the trouble I mind a bit. I could learn every word in the play in a couple of hours. Only I don't think I shall be able to say this. I shall feel so ashamed."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes; it *is* such nonsense! Do listen to this, Janet. 'My lord, I quail not at your threats. The thunder of your frown hath for me no terrors. Beware! There may come a day when retribution, upon lurid wing, shall blight you even at the zenith of your power. Beware! beware!'"

Janet smiled her rare sweet smile.

"Cousin Mabel, I think your business will be to make it seem *not* trash. Don't you remember the story of the man who made every body cry by his pathetic way of saying Mesopotamia? I advise you to dismiss the sense of ridicule from your mind, and get the words into your head while I finish copying this page."

"Oh, thank you, Janet!" said Mabel, simply. "How sensible you are! I will try, but I fear it would be impossible for *me* to make any body cry by saying Mesopotamia!"

By dint, however, of fixing her mind upon the necessity of making the best of what was intrusted to her, Mabel not only committed to memory the three or four parts that had been given her, but managed to repeat them to her aunt, when the latter came home, with some degree of earnestness; though when she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," etc., she was conscious of feeling tame and sheepish, and of becoming very hot and red in the face.

She was very anxious to see as much acting as possible, and accordingly she and her uncle and Janet ensconced themselves, evening after evening, in a corner of the upper boxes of the Dublin theatre, and witnessed a great many performances. Mabel was always intensely interested, and was the best audience in the world, becoming quite absorbed in the fortunes of the scene. Indeed, so easily was she moved to tears by the mimic sorrows before her—even by those of the wildest and most melodramatically impossible sort—that Janet sometimes quietly whispered in her cousin's ear, "Mesopotamia, Mabel, Mesopotamia!"

So the evenings slipped away, until on a certain evening, when they were all assembled at supper, John Earnshaw, with his daughter and niece, having been in the "front" of the theatre, and Mrs. Walton having been acting, Jack said, "I'll give you all three guesses as to who came to pay me a visit in the painting-room to-night."

"Stop a moment, Jack!" said his sister Janet. "Do we all know him?"

"Yes, all of you, except Mabel; and it's well for her peace of mind that she doesn't know him, for he is about the handsomest fellow going, though I can't say I like him particularly. There's something snaky about his eyes."

"I've guessed!" cried Mabel, suddenly. "Your visitor's Christian name begins with A?"

"Yes," replied Jack, staring at his cousin.

"And his surname with T?"

"Will any lady or gentleman present," said Jack, looking round, "be so good as to repeat the most approved form of exorcism against witchcraft? Also, mother, if you happen to have such a trifle in your pocket as an old horse-shoe, I should be obliged by your allowing me to nail it on to the threshold."

"But who was it, Jack?" cried his mother and Janet together.

"Ask Mabel. She evidently knows all about it."

"Jack, how can you be so absurd?" said Mabel, laughing. "I only guessed that your visitor was Mr. Alfred Trescott."

"To be sure! That's all!" returned Jack. "A young man, whom I have not seen for more than a year, appears to me in the solitude of my painting-room one evening in the most unexpected manner. Returning to the bosom of my family, I invite its various members to hazard a guess as to who my visitor was; and the only one who instantly pitches on the truth is Mabel! Mabel, who is unacquainted with him, but who, nevertheless, has his Christian name as pat on her tongue as if she had been his godmother."

"Alfred Trescott," said Janet, putting her hand to her head; "then it was he? Of course! I thought I knew the face. My attention was attracted this evening by a young man sitting in the orchestra (though not playing any instrument), and I *thought* I knew him! Now I remember. Alfred Trescott, of course! He stared a good deal at us, and that first made me observe him. Mabel was so absorbed in the play that she had no eyes for any one."

"And my part of the mystery is no mystery to any body but Jack," said Mabel, smiling. "I have told Aunt Mary all about my acquaintance with little Corda Trescott."

"Well," returned Jack. "But how did you guess that Alfred Trescott was my visitor? Did you know he was in Ireland?"

"No; but I knew that the family had left Hammerham. And one word you said made me think of young Mr. Trescott—'snaky.' It flashed upon me whom you must mean."

"Flattering for my friend," said Jack. "I shouldn't care myself to be instantly recognized by the epithet *snaky*. But how odd he never said any thing about knowing *you*. To be sure, he didn't stay long, and he was talking about himself all the time. I asked him how his playing was getting on, and when he was coming out in a violin solo at the Philharmonic. To which he replied with a sneer, 'About the same time that your first picture is exhibited on the line at the Academy.' So, as I saw he didn't like it (and perhaps as I didn't particularly like it myself), I dropped the subject."

Two days afterward young Trescott called at Mrs. Walton's house, and professed much surprised at finding Mabel there. "I little thought to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Earnshaw," said he. (He had her name correctly enough now.) Janet remarked afterward that this affected surprise was a piece of gratuitous hypocrisy, inasmuch as he had evidently seen and recognized Mabel at the theatre. The young man neither said nor did any thing that could positively be called objectionable, and yet the whole family appeared relieved when he went away. He avoided with considerable tact any mention of Hammerham people or incidents, unless Mabel first spoke of them. And yet he contrived, in some subtle way, to give her aunt and uncle the impression that Mabel had been on terms of greater intimacy with himself and his father and Corda than had ever really existed between them. He let fall, with apparent carelessness, allusions to "the Charlewoods," and "that uncomfortable business of poor Walter's," which it was impossible to resent, and equally impossible to explain; and Mabel found herself placed in the disagreeable position of sharing with Mr. Alfred Trescott a confidential acquaintance with the private affairs of the Charlewood family.

Young Trescott informed them that his father and sister were in Ballyhacket, a town belonging to Mr. Moffatt's "circuit," and that he (Alfred) should join the company at Kilclare in a week or two. "Moffatt don't want me just yet," he said, tossing back his long hair with a gesture that was habitual to him, and showing the whole range of his bright teeth, "so I thought I might as well stay in Dublin for the present, and have a little fun. Paddy, with all thy faults I love thee still. There is some poetry and imagination about the ragged rascals, any how.

And I confess it's a relief to me to get the taste of iron out of my mouth, and the sound of the hammer and tongs out of my ears. Don't you agree with me, Miss Earnshaw? I'm sure the hard money-grinding spirit of those purse-proud, vulgar Hammerham folks must be very distasteful to *you*."

There was a covert sneer in his tone that annoyed Mabel, and she answered coldly: "I know some Hammerham folks, Mr. Trescott, who make a good use of their money."

"So do I," answered Alfred, quickly; "our friend Mr. Clement Charlewood, for example. He is a fine-hearted fellow, no doubt. Though I wish he hadn't quite such a contempt for every thing professionally artistic. It seems a pity, you know, when you find a capital fellow like that, with a great deal of intellect too—for I consider him clever—cherishing narrow prejudices."

He expressed himself with so much warmth and apparent sincerity, that Mabel, who was naturally unsuspicious, reproached herself for the haughty tone in which she had previously spoken, and in amends gave him her hand, when he took his leave, with more cordiality than she had yet shown toward him.

The only member of the family who seemed at all disposed to like Alfred Trescott was Mr. Earnshaw. He was precluded by his blindness from being subjected to the repulsive influence of the young man's sinister eyes; and Alfred had evidently endeavored to ingratiate himself with Mr. Walton, as he called him, and had offered to bring his violin and play to him as long as he chose. The blind man had always been remarkably fond of music; but since his loss of sight his delight in it had increased to a passion. It was one of the great regrets of Janet's life that she had no musical talent wherewith to gratify her father; they had a little hired piano, on which Mabel's fingers had already been set to work many times; and occasionally at Uncle John's request she would sing him some simple ballad in a fresh, untutored voice. But Alfred Trescott's playing was music of a much higher kind than any that Mabel could pretend to make; and Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"I wish," said Janet to her mother, "that it were any one else but Alfred Trescott who had offered to come and play to father. I have an unconquerable aversion to the young man."

"I can't say that I'm fond of him, Janet," returned her mother; "but it is thoughtful of him to remember your father's love for music. And we can't give him the cold shoulder. Dear John has so few pleasures we ought not to grudge him this one."

So it came to pass that Alfred and his violin were to be seen and heard nearly every day in Mrs. Walton's house for a fortnight.

On the first occasion of his coming he brought a roll of music in his hand, and begged Miss Earnshaw to be good enough to accompany him on the piano. "I am no musician, Mr. Trescott," said Mabel, to whom the task was distasteful; "I should do injustice to your sonata by my unskillful accompaniment."

"Oh, I assure you it is quite simple," said Alfred, looking disappointed. "Just a few chords. You can read them easily, I am sure. In fact, I fear it will be almost impossible for me to play the piece without the assistance of the piano."

"Come, Mabel," said Uncle John, "you'll try, won't you, to oblige me?"

After that it was impossible to refuse. So Mabel sat down at the instrument, and found that she could accomplish her task satisfactorily.

The moment Alfred Trescott took his violin in his hand he seemed to be transformed into another being. It was as if some finer spirit moved the long, supple fingers that pressed the strings and inspired the curved right arm to wield the bow. He had pathos, passion, and a splendid purity and beauty of tone. It was impossible to resist the charm of his playing. Even Janet yielded to the spell, and Mabel's eyes were full of tears as she rose from the piano. As to the blind man, he sat drinking in the music with silent ecstasy. Alfred was quick to perceive the impression he had made, and took care not to destroy it by remaining too long. Praise was very sweet to him, and he was greedy of it, but it did not act with him as an incentive to exertion. He only said to himself, "See what an effect I produce upon these people! How shamefully unjust it is that so clever a fellow as I am should be allowed to remain in obscurity!" However, he steadily kept his best side toward Mrs. Walton's family: which, indeed, was not difficult, for their gentle good-humor offered no temptation to call forth his evil tempers. Mabel, who was devoting herself heart and soul to the study of the profession she was about to attempt, and who found food for the nourishment of her own artistic capacity in all the other forms of art and poetry, enjoyed his playing exceedingly.

"I wish," she thought, "that I could have some one to play to me like that whenever I chose. I fancy that I could act so much better after listening to such music."

But still young Trescott made no advance in her good opinion. He and his playing were somehow quite separate and distinct from each other, in her mind. Her nature was too true and earnest to sympathize with his shallowness and egotism. He sometimes, with an idea of ingratiating himself with her, assumed a false enthusiasm, which Mabel's truthful instinct never failed to detect for what it was, and which caused a revulsion in her mind that made her hate the very name of art for the moment. At such times the recollection of Clement Charlewood's simple manliness would recur to her, and she would feel how high above this vaporing, sensuous egotist rose the moral nature of the Hammerham "money-grinder."

"After all, there is nothing good but goodness!" Mabel would say to herself. And then the work would fall from her fingers, or the little yellow play-book would drop into her lap, and she would sit musing, musing for an hour together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is said that fashions can best be studied just now in the galleries of the Great Exhibition. An English writer on fashions describes some toilets therein displayed, and gives some general items in regard to dress and kindred topics which will be interesting to our lady readers.

The dress materials exhibited are, many of them, most exquisitely beautiful, especially the silk stuffs from Lyons, and the silk gauzes.

What can be more lovely than the delicate birds and butterflies formed of tiny colored flowers upon light gray or white gros-grain?

Showers of peacocks' feathers are also a favorite pattern; garlands of field-flowers, mixed with wheat-ears, bouquets of heart's-ease, of roses and heliotropes, of convolvuli and sweet-pease, rival water-colored paintings by the freshness and brilliancy of their tints and the soft delicacy of their shaded outlines.

Then the brocaded silks are really splendid; a rich black silk is ornamented with branches of the most delicate ferns, brocaded in gold, and with bouquets of colored flowers.

Colored gros-grain silks are brocaded with gold leaves or flowers, extremely light and elegant.

White gros-grain silks, with satin stripes, are ornamented with oval medallions containing brocaded bouquets of flowers in all their natural tints.

Gray and white chiné silks have tiny patterns of brocaded flowerets sprinkled over them, showers of feathers of different colors, or flights of tiny birds.

The silk gauze dresses are no less beautiful. Some are white, with garlands or bouquets of flowers of natural colors; some are colored with patterns in white, or in darker shades of the same color; others are striped or chiné.

The collection of lace shawls and burnous in the Great Exhibition are really splendid, and they are very fashionable this year. In fact, there is nothing more elegant than a shawl of black Chantilly lace over a dress of gros-grain silk or gaze de soie.

In *passementerie* there are wonderful patterns of the rarest gimp work, trimmings to cover the front of a dress entirely, or merely ornaments for the epaulets, sleeves, waistbands, and pockets.

Feathers are also a rare and goodly sight. Trimmings of feathers are very beautiful; but one hardly expects to see skirts made entirely of white feathers, and trimmed with garlands of flowers made of birds' feathers of different colors. The tips of peacocks' feathers form very beautiful borders, not only for hats and bonnets, but also for jackets and dresses. There are also patterns most beautifully embroidered in delicate feathers upon tulle.

Artificials flowers of all kinds are seen in profusion, and form a very pretty part of the Exhibition, being arranged with a great deal of taste.

Most coiffures are formed of garlands which are arranged into a round coronet upon the head, and finished off in long trailing sprays at the back. Water-lilies, with their long, drooping foliage, are frequently employed for these garlands, or variegated leaves with tiny colored berries.

There are wonders in embroidery, peignoirs and muslin dresses being embroidered all over with the richest patterns. The specimens of silk embroidery are very beautiful. There are small jackets without sleeves, of the Bolero shape, with beautiful patterns of flowers embroidered in all their natural colors. Besides the Breton jacket, the only pattern in favor just now is this short, tight-fitting jacket, rounded off in front and without sleeves. To wear with these there are silk skirts embroidered with garlands of flowers, which go round the bottom and then come up over each of the gored widths.

Of parasols there are a great variety. The most elegant are those of gros-grain silk, covered with white or black lace. Others are more eccentric. One has a deep fringe of feathers; another is trimmed with a garland of artificial foliage and a fringe of long green grasses; another with drooping branches of lilies of the valley. Simpler ones are scalloped out round the edge, and ornamented at the top with a rosette and long ends of ribbon.

In the Exhibition there is a *section* devoted to false hair—chignons, curls, tresses—and very curious it is to see the spoils of female beauty thus exhibited. But there are false whiskers also, false beards, and false hair for gentlemen, so that it would be unwise for them to throw the first stone.

A very interesting part of the Exhibition is that which contains a collection of wooden figures dressed up in all the different costumes of the French provinces. Though far from complete, this collection is extremely curious, and shows the quaint dress of the peasants of Brittany, Vendée, Normandy, etc. The most remarkable are, perhaps, those of the women of the Pays de Caux, with their enormous lace caps; but the most admired are certainly the Bretons, with their cloth jackets, richly embroidered and ornamented with silver medals placed in straight rows overlapping one another.

Children are not forgotten in the Great Exhibition. Their toys occupy a good deal of space; and in one of the large circular galleries there is a collection of very elegant costumes specially intended for them. Passing over, therefore, the numerous toilets for ladies, we give a description of a few for Misses:

A frock of blue velvet, trimmed with a delicate border worked in white feathers and pearl beads. The trimming simulates a tunic, open in front upon the skirt, and a very low corselet over the bodice. There is a very dainty little toquet of blue velvet trimmed to correspond.

A low frock of silver-gray gros-grain silk, ornamented with a small pattern of flowerets worked in coral, and edged with borders of the same.

A frock of blue glacé silk, entirely covered with strips of insertion and borders of Valenciennes lace.

A frock of white gros-grain silk, trimmed with cross-strips of the same, edged with pink silk cord, and finished off with pink silk tassels. The white skirt is looped up over an under-skirt of pink silk.

And a frock of white silk, with a pattern of very small bouquets of colored flowers, trimmed with strips of white ribbon striped with all the various colors of these flowers. This coquettish little frock is called *la robe jardinière*.

There has been quite a breeze in the newspapers, and, we suppose, also in a certain little village on the Hudson, about a *name*. It has been proposed to change "Dobb's Ferry" to "Paulding;" but it proves to be a difficult if not an impossible matter. It is to be hoped that such names will in future be selected for new places as will be appropriate, pleasing, and generally satisfactory. But deciding upon a *name*, whether it be for a baby, a village, a mountain, or what-not is a difficult matter.

Another very sad accident occurred a short time ago, by which two children were killed. The parents, living in Setauket, went to church, leaving the children in charge of a nurse, who allowed them to wander through the house unattended. Having reached the roof, they became dizzy by looking down, and were precipitated to the ground. The skull of each was fractured, and they died almost immediately.

We have heard that some ancient people detected adulterated milk by dropping a little upon the thumb nail; if the milk was pure it would remain in its place, but if not it would flow away. We are unable to say how infallible this test may be; but it is a satisfaction to know that three milkmen were fined twenty dollars apiece the other day for mixing water with their milk before serving their customers. Many a helpless child in this city is cheated out of its proper and needful nourishment in consequence of the sale of poor, diluted milk.

American school-books are to be used in the public schools of Japan without any attempt to translate them into the native language. The Japanese Commissioners, who recently visited this country, gave an order for supplying their Government with the books hereafter to be used; and the first shipment, consisting of sixty cases, weighing about ten tons, has been made.

In speaking of long dresses, which, happily, are now seldom seen in our streets, Oliver W. Holmes uses the following language:

"Why, there isn't a beast or bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions a maid-of-all-work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow.

"Show over dirt is the attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts!

"Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I don't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of them."

Some extraordinary developments have recently been made in New Orleans concerning blind beggars. It has been ascertained that a peculiar kind of bluestone, dissolved in water, will produce temporary blindness. The impostor prepares this solution, and having secured the services of some half-starved little motherless and fatherless boy or girl to lead him, he closes his eyes and bathes the lids with the liquid. It acts as a powerful astringent, and even if he wanted to see he couldn't, until the effect wears off. The lids are tightly closed, and if they are forced open there is a temporary film over the pupil which would deceive any but the skillful oculist. One of this class of beggars was required to give $1000 for his good behavior, and the amount was promptly furnished by beggars on the spot. One of them had $3000 with him and also a certificate for $12,000 more!

Servants "fresh" from Erin need information, as the following indicates:

A gentleman who does his own marketing recently purchased, among other things, a pair of live lobsters. The servant being out on an errand when he returned, he personally placed the lobsters upon the cement floor of the cellar. While dining, his wife heard a voice beneath as if some combat was in process in the cellar. A moment afterward the servant, who had been about three weeks in the country, came pantingly into the dining-room.

"Faith, ma'am, an' I've killed 'em both!" was her eager exclamation.

"Killed what, Catharine?"

"Faith, ma'am, two big bull cockroaches—the biggest you ever heerd on."

Husband and wife looked at each other, and informed Catharine that at table such topics must never be touched, and resumed exercise with knife and fork.

Catharine went out saying, in an undertone, as she descended,

"Well, this is a quare counthry, whin ye have to take hatchets to kill roaches wid an' nothin' strange thought of it!"

The mystery was solved after dinner. The exile of Erin had chopped the living lobsters into pieces with a hatchet, supposing them to be some variety of household vermin. There was not any lobster salad for supper that night in that domicile.

An English paper tells a romantic story, which reminds one, in some of its outlines, of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." A certain Mr. Watts, living in the vicinity of Durham, came to America about eleven years ago in search of wealth. He left behind him a wife and two children, who struggled on in life as best they could, for neither word nor money came to them from the absentee. At the end of seven years Mrs. Watts became Mrs. Wallace, and for four years lived happily with her new partner, supposing, of course, that her first love was dead. But recently the last one reappeared in his native place, went boldly to "Mrs. Wallace's" house, and made himself known. The interview which took place did not awaken any of the old feelings, and the lady preferred keeping on with the new love. She had, however, some slight compassion for her delinquent lord, and told him that she would give him a meal of meat, a night's lodging, and set him off with a shilling in his pocket, which, said she, "is more than thou hast done for me for the last eleven years!" He accepted her generous offer and took shelter under her roof for the night. But on rising next morning he strongly asserted his claim, which terminated in his summary ejection from the domicile. Both husbands have consulted lawyers, and the matter is likely to require legal adjustment.

A report has been made to the French Academy of Sciences in regard to the singular behavior of a certain plant—the *Colocasia esculenta*. It seems to be subject to *fits*, a strange tremor affecting it from time to time. Sometimes these fits last all day and through the night; but generally they commenced at nine in the morning, and continued until noon. Not unfrequently the plant would remain in a state of perfect rest for days, and even whole weeks. On one occasion, although the temperature was mild, the plant seemed to be laboring under a fit of ague, and the pot containing the plant, and weighing about ten kilogrammes, shook so that the hand of a man could hardly steady it. The rhythmical tremor was likewise communicated to the fine leaves and clusters of flowers of several plants in close proximity. The cause of this peculiar movement is still a puzzle.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why is this man like an Editor?—Because he makes a living by his pen.

To attract customers, Fume has put up an electric clock in his shop, and is terribly annoyed by boys running in to inquire the time of day. The other evening, as we were buying a cigar, a little shaver came in with the usual "Please, Sir, tell me what time it is?" "Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," said the astonished tobacconist. "Yes, Sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman."

A young woman in Chicago, who had lost her speech by a severe cold, had twenty offers of marriage in one week.

A four-year-old urchin at South Hadley Falls lately greeted a cousin, who had come from New York to observe the country, through the medium of a pair of eye-glasses, with the remark: "Cousin Will, your spectacles haven't got any shafts to them."

A gentleman one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and addressing a lugubrious waiter, inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus.

The serving man shook his head.

"Can I have a duck, then?"

"No, Sir."

"Have you any mutton-chops?"

"Not one, Sir."

"Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits in the house?"

"Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh, "we are out of spirits."

"Then, in wonder's name, what have you got on the premises?"

"An execution, Sir."

"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?"—"Because dey nose ebery ting."

"Aunty," said a three-year-old one day, "I don't like my aprons to be starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

"I can not conceive, my dear, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," exclaimed an indulgent husband to his better half, the other day. "No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin ever so long this morning."

BIRTHDAYS.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
And the child that is born on Sabbath day
Is good and great, fair and gay.

A ready-witted Irishman lives in Rockwood, Illinois. The other day one of the boys, thinking to have a little fun out of him, said: "Roley, have you heard the news?" "No; what news?" "Why, the devil is dead." Not a word said Roley, but putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a ten-cent shinplaster handed it to his questioner, who asked what it was for. "Why," answered Roley, "in the ould country, where I came from, it was the custom *to give the children something when the parents died*." Whereat there was some laughter, but no more inquiries.

Affectionate Times—when every thing is as dear as it can be.

A lady called at a store recently and inquired of a young clerk for "crewel." Not willing to appear ignorant, nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," said the lady, "that is not what I want." "Well," replied the boy, "that is the cruelest thing I know of."

On a rainy winter evening a gentleman traveling in a hack found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him, so, thinking he would try the honesty of the driver, he called out as he ran up the steps, "Wait a minute—I have dropped a ten-dollar bill in the coach, and will get a light and search for it." The words were hardly spoken when the Jehu gave the horses a furious lash and drove off at a violent rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw hack or driver again.

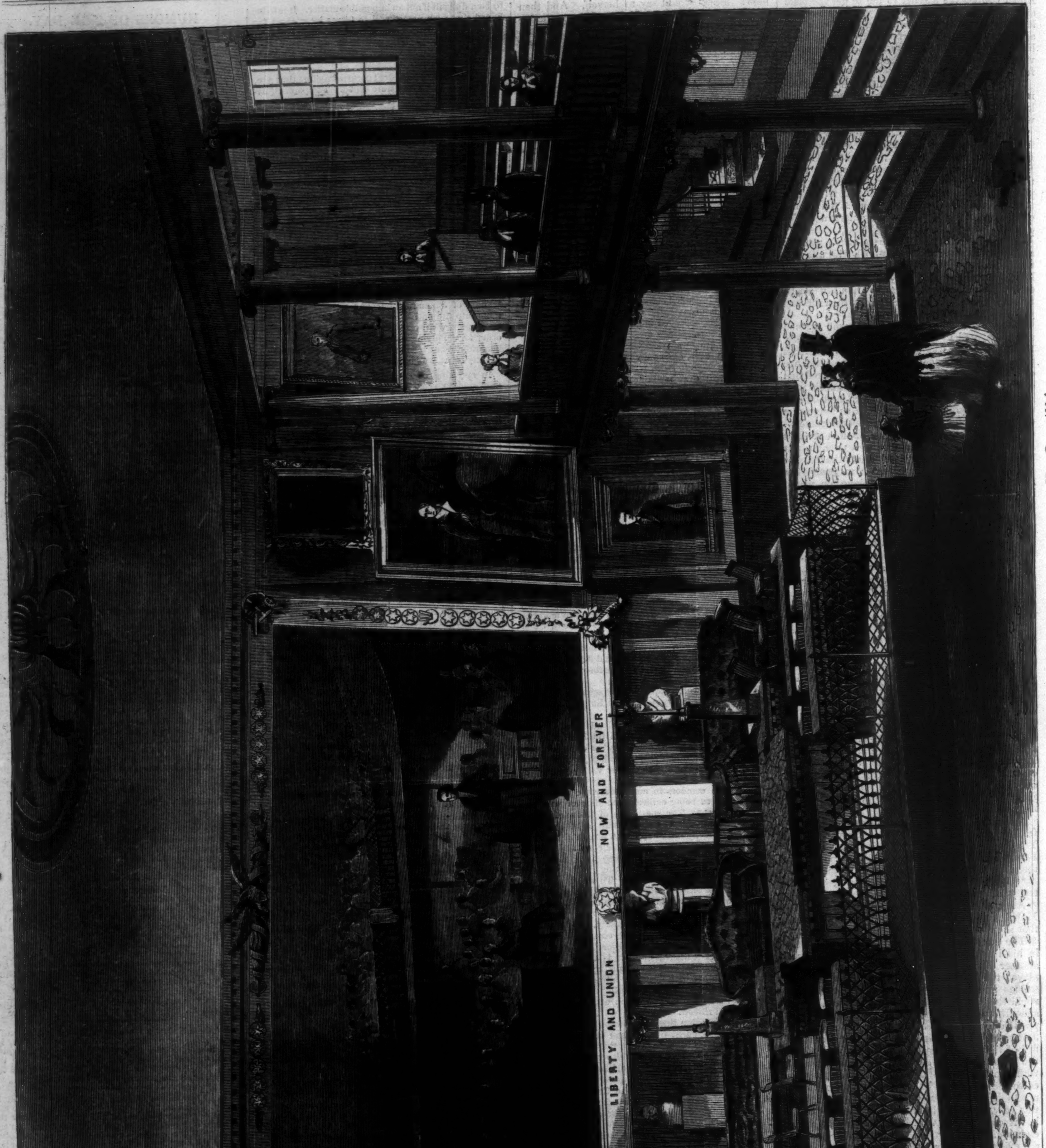
Bury your troubles, but don't linger around the grave-yard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

An exchange says that "bridal envelopes," so extensively advertised for sale, mean simply night-gowns.

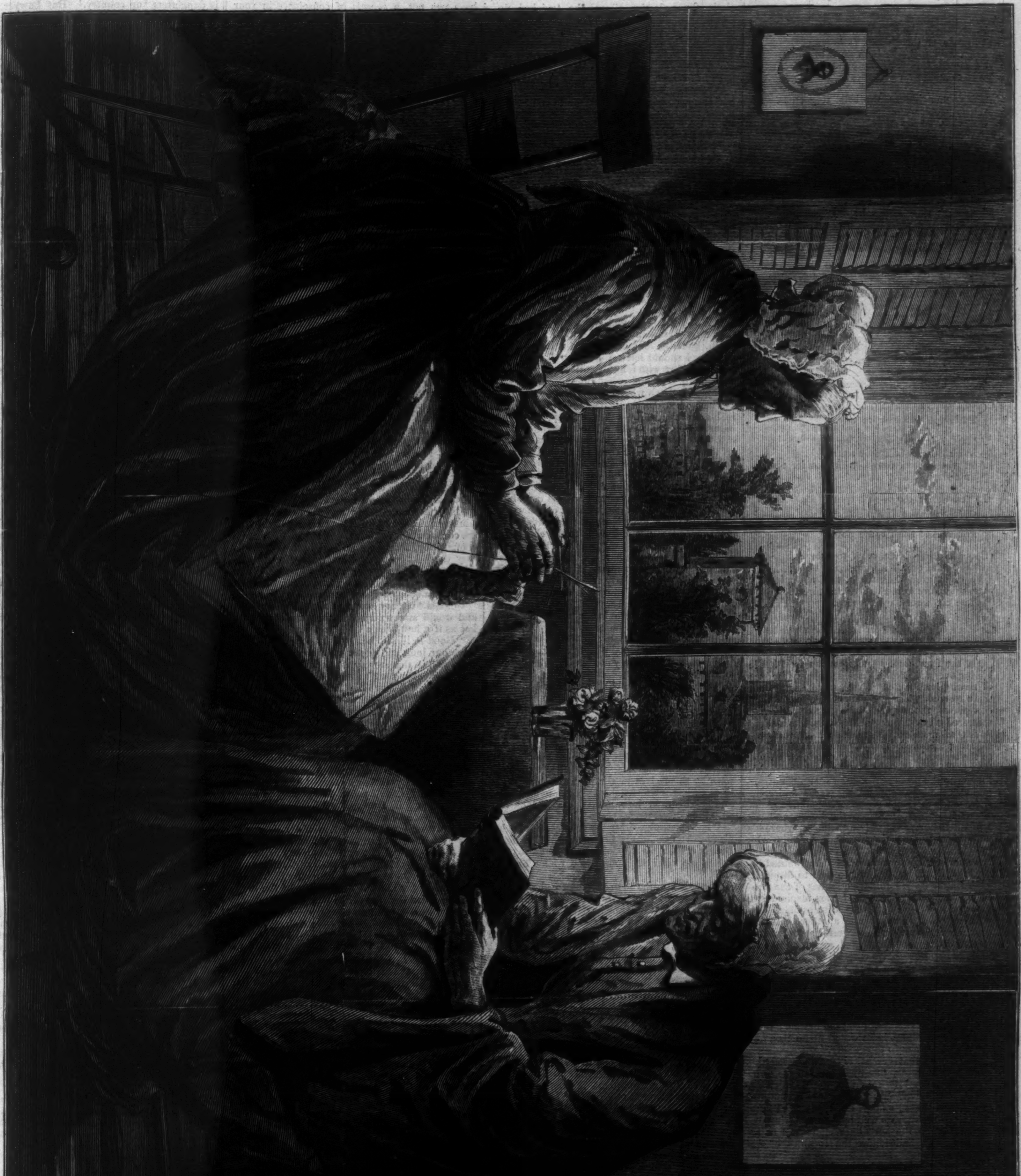
Master Tom (*who has been promised two cents if he is good during the service*). "I say, Ma, is it half over yet?"

Mamma. "Yes, dear!"

Master Tom. "Then give us a cent!"



INTERIOR OF FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—Photographed by Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 436.]



"WAITING"—A SCENE IN THE OLD LADIES' HOME, BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 435.]

A FOURTH OF JULY PATRIOT.

HIGH waves the FLAG on tower and crag,
High o'er the sheeted sail,
From keel to ruck, from deck to truck,
Unstained, immortal, never struck,
It thunders on the gale!

The cannon booms, the bells ring out,
The people shout and cheer;
Our children say they wish this day
Would come three times a year.

With fire and ball, while merry all,
No gift may *she* afford—
Poor, widowed Rose!—her child, she knows,
Has but his father's sword.

This clattering weight he drags, elate,
Yet wistful marks the play
Of little ones with mimic guns,
While shouting loud as they—

Proud of the brand a grandsire's hand
In fight was trained to wield,
That dealt to foes a hundred blows
On Saratoga's field.

So all day long, mid shouting throng,
In humble guise arrayed,
The tired child still worked and smiled—
Toiled at his rusty blade.

In bed at night, the fire-work's light
He watched with shining eye,
Quite full of glee that he might see,
Although too poor to buy.

Above, below, all was aglow
With powder-ball and train,
And wheels went round, with thunder sound,
In flakes of fiery rain.

In red career the rocket spear
Flew hissing o'er the town;
Like silver showers of angel flowers
The rocket stars came down.

Came floating down, as if to crown
The child in all his pride,
Till night grew dim, when, tall and grim,
His grandsire came in dreams to him,
The old sword by his side.

"NOT MATRIMONIAL."

ON the front door-stone stood an iron kettle boiling over with flowers, and suggesting the idea of having been taken off the stove and set out there to cool. The contents of the kettle were dew-plants, thoroughly done, so to speak, and spattered all over with red blossoms, like a slight attack of measles. The house itself was red, shaming the sweet-brier, which could not blush to the least advantage under the parlor windows. The house was situated in that indefinite region known to the people of Maine as "up-country," and was the home of Barnabas Nye, Esquire, his wife, and their daughter, Temperance Ann. Barnabas was a Justice of the Peace, and not without honor save in his own house, where his wife reigned queen, not even endowing him with the "crown matrimonial." But, as he frequently remarked, "he wasn't a man that wanted his say, and it was no pleasure to him to dispute." Mrs. Barnabas had military qualities of the strategic order. Her personal charms inspired awe rather than admiration. The features of her face were at open war with one another; and her nose, an organ with two powerful stops, moved up and down when she talked, giving additional force to remarks always emphatic. As for Miss Tempy Ann, she had as much character as her mother's daughter dared to possess. Low-voiced, mild-eyed, with a complexion like "new milk and strawberries," she had withal a winning way; and it was believed by the neighbors that if she could be removed from her mother's over-shadowing "thumb" she would make "one of the likeliest wives in the county."

It may be that James Pinson indorsed this saying, with sundry marginal notes of his own; but, poor fellow! he might as well have sighed for the North-Star. Tempy Ann was not for him. Mrs. Nye affected money, and as James Pinson had it not, we may as well leave him sitting disconsolately on the hereditary stone-wall of his father's farm, and follow the fortunes of our heroine.

Like a dutiful daughter, she had thus far kept her affections done up in cotton-wool, warranted fresh when they should be unpacked at the maternal bidding. Meanwhile Mrs. Nye was furtively scanning the matrimonial market with an eye for "a bargain." There was young Gifford, who would be "well-to-do" at his father's death; but as he was a spendthrift and "shiftless," he counted for nothing. Squire Bronson was worth a handsome farm, and would support a wife like a lady; but he was a widower, and his six children were certainly an objection.

Mrs. Nye ran through the list on her fingers, and while still hesitating—having got as far as the third finger on her left hand—there was an arrival at Flagstaff. One Colonel Fletcher, a wealthy lumberman, had come to superintend his log-driving, and make negotiations for the purchase of timber. By diligent inquiry it was ascertained that he was a bachelor, unencumbered with sick mother or deceased brother's children, and moreover that he would, for the future, spend a large portion of his time at Flagstaff. These facts being duly registered in Mrs. Nye's diplomatic brain, it very soon followed that the red house, with the kettleful of flowers in front, was ready for a boarder. Colonel Fletcher was delighted! Here was a cozy little nook, as quiet as a last year's birds-nest. He loved cleanliness—and the immaculate table-cloth, the reflective silver, the "picked up" rooms, gave him a sense of satisfaction. His hostess might be rather too angular for his taste, but then "butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," though on what physiological principle it is that amiable people have such very cold mouths I have never been told.

As for tidy Tempy Ann, the new boarder liked her at once, and passed her the honey with so much suavity that Mrs. Nye mentally touched the third finger of her left hand for a full stop, and said to herself:

"No use to look further. This man will do!"

She made her plans accordingly; not moving forward in the shortest straight line—for that would only have defeated her object—but steering her course obliquely, "the woman's diagonal." Whenever her duties called her from the parlor, she rarely failed to apologize for leaving her boarder to "entertain himself," evidently regarding the unobtrusive Tempy Ann, who sat by the window, as "nobody to speak of." She never praised her lovely daughter; on the contrary, she scolded her, though somewhat gently (as such women count gentleness), and for her most endearing faults, which always leaned to virtue's side.

"Who's going to find you in stove-polish at this rate, Temperance Ann? It's scour and scrub, and dig and delve. I did hope, in my old age, I should have a daughter I could take some comfort with; but you'll wear your poor mother all out, and what does such finifying amount to, that's what I'd be glad to know?"

Then, when the gentle daughter blushed with real annoyance behind her tea-cup, the good-natured boarder would relate the story of the trim housewives of Broeck, who scoured the bark off their trees to make them spruce. He came, unconsciously, to take poor Tempy's part. He could not see, for the life of him, why she was not a prettily-spoken, well-behaved little girl. Far from detecting any covert designs upon himself, Abner Fletcher, though a man of the world, with forty years' experience, did not dream of a snare. He was not insensible to the charms of a pretty face, and his heart was a blurred tablet (if you'll excuse the hard metaphor) scrawled over with half-erased names. He liked to flatter young ladies, particularly if they knew how to blush to order, and Tempy had that gift to perfection. He came and went, and, to Mrs. Nye's thinking, matters were in excellent progress. He visited scarcely a house in town, and spent his evenings most sociably in the bosom of the family. He understood phonography, a science which mamma was very anxious for Tempy Ann to master.

"She was bound to kill herself over books any how, and it might as well be for something that would pay. Who knew but the child could learn to be a reporter, if Colonel Fletcher would only have patience, and she was not too stupid?"

Colonel Fletcher had abundance of patience, and Miss Tempy was any thing but stupid. Of course, during lessons, the teacher and pupil were by themselves in the parlor and must not be disturbed. The neighbors began to look wise, and neighbors in the rural districts *can* look very wise indeed.

"It was strange," Mrs. Nye declared, "what Tempy Ann could see in such an old bachelor. But, la me! as for the Colonel, he seems to think the whole circular globe spins round on that child!"

Thus, before the man was aware, he was reported engaged. His lumbermen rallied him upon his rustic tastes, and he stroked the "under-fringe" of his chin with a careless laugh, saying:

"Well, you'll all agree I might have done worse."

He gave Tempy Ann a new dress, but that was because she ironed his collars so smoothly. He protested against the kettle, replaced it by some civilized flower-pots, and brought a calla lily fifty miles, for the sake of hearing the dear girl say "Thank you." During his absences he wrote her several letters in short-hand, always turning some pretty compliment or other, for he did not suppose such tender messages could touch a heart wrapped up in cotton wool. He forgot that black-and-white are terribly fast colors. In short, he was not prepared for the turn which events were about to take; or he would not have ridden and walked with Miss Nye after he knew what people were saying. He would never have superintended the making of his sweet friend's bonnets at Boston, even if the Flagstaff milliner did sit up nights to invent hideous patterns. And, above all, he would not have told her over and over in such dulcet tones that she would make the "loveliest wife in Christendom."

James Pinson meantime was in danger of grinding his teeth down to a point.

"The old lady is at the bottom of it," groaned he; "if Tempy had had her way she'd have married me off-hand long ago. Haven't I seen it in her eye? But what's the use to fight against fate, or Mrs. Barnabas Nye either?"

Two years passed, and still no signs of a wedding. Mrs. Nye began to think she had been too wary, and perhaps the Colonel was waiting for somebody to hold down the branch while he plucked off the apple; so she steered out of her "diagonal" and began to praise Tempy Ann. Colonel Fletcher looked dignified and unconscious; did not understand innuendoes. Growing desperate, the woman finally asked outright "if the day was set." She was answered by a stare of cool amazement.

"Colonel Fletcher," gasped she, dashing a meteoric shower from her eyes, "do you, or do you not, intend to marry my daughter?"

The man jumped as if he had been shot from a catapult.

"I—I—ahem—me?"

Mrs. Nye arose and faced the enemy like a small charge of infantry.

"Colonel Abner Fletcher, Sir, have you, or have you not, a *squeam* of conscience in your soul?"

"My dear Madam," replied Colonel Fletcher, fairly trembling, for he would sooner have faced a cannonade than a woman's frown, "let me assure you you are quite, *quite* wrong. Your daughter and myself are the best of—of—friends, but our mutual—that is, our mutual regard, is not—not matrimonial!"

"Tell me that!" shrieked the head of the family, "me that's knowing to the burning out of three cords of wood in the parlor! Look me in the face, will you—with your walks and rides, and letters and flower-pots—and say—'*Not Matrimonial!*'"

The culprit steadied himself by the table and faced his accuser with a mournful fortitude.

"Really ma'am," said he, deprecatingly, "I'm not a marrying man, and never thought of your daughter in that light; so if it is all the same to you, I—I—beg to be excused."

"Not a marrying man!" retorted Mrs. Nye, picking up his words and shooting them back like iron balls. "A shifty-minded man, you should say, a wolf in sheep's clothing, that creeps into widows' houses and devours young hearts, and then, for a pretense, says, 'Not matrimonial.'" (Mrs. Nye always used vigorous language, but she was apt to mix her metaphors.) "And here's my daughter, Sir, though I say it, refusing offers for your sake. What do you say to that, Sir? Pouring out her innocent affections like green buds on a rose-bush; and you, Sir, crawling out on the other side like a wriggling worm! Hanging your sheepish head like a donkey, and whimpering 'Not Matrimonial!'"

"But, Madam," responded the Colonel, with a frightened glance at the tremulous gold beads on Mrs. Nye's neck, "I have no reason to suppose your daughter honors me with any preference; you surely would not urge us both into a union against our wills?"

Madam's nose danced a gallopade.

"A pretty excuse, Sir, and the more of a villain are you for making it! I believe to my soul the conscience is feminine, and left out of a man's composition, leastways an old bachelor's; and they don't know right from wrong," continued she, her tongue running away with her, "and wouldn't marry their own grandmothers if there wasn't somebody to put them up to it!"

Colonel Fletcher saw that the tide was rising and would sweep all before it. He caught his hat as if it had been a life-preserver.

"Good-by!" said he. "I am sorry, Mrs. Nye, after our long and pleasant intercourse, to part from you in this stormy manner."

"Going, are you?" sobbed his hostess, hysterically, for she saw she had been too hasty. "Why, Colonel Fletcher, I hope I haven't said any thing that could any ways injure your feelings."

"By no means, Madam," replied the bachelor, with his best bow, "only I'm not in the habit of having notice served on me to take a wife."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Mrs. Nye, with a rainbow smile, "there's no sort of hurry! Time enough yet for such young things as you are—as our Tempy is, I mean."

This gracious admission failed to bring the Colonel to terms. He fled as if for dear life; but as he had no further business at Flagstaff his departure was not calculated to excite surprise. Tempy Ann bore it with perfect composure. As for James Pinson he took a little courage; his sister knew it by the sign of the shoe-blacking and the sign of the hair-brush.

Weeks passed and no message came from the refugee. Then Mrs. Nye began to look destiny in the face, and see reflected there the vision of a rejected daughter and a mortgaged farm; for latterly there had been a failure of crops as well as suitors. It is true Tempy Ann was not sentimentally inclined, and continued to feed the chickens with her usual serenity; but a fortune of a hundred thousand had slipped through her fingers, and what was to be done about it? The baffled mamma found means to set spies upon the man who had declined to be her son-in-law. It seemed, as she told her husband, he was "going right on with his business, like a green bay-tree." And presently it came to light that he was paying his addresses to a beautiful young lady in the upper walks of society. Oh, preposterous!

"And him to pretend to me he was not a marrying man! Will somebody tell me what to do!"

"I've no advice to give," said Mr. Barnabas, meekly, which was just as well, considering he had not been asked for any.

"I'll sue him," pursued the gentle dame; "I'll sue him as sure as I live!"

"Oh, mother, I beg you to keep quiet!" cried Tempy Ann, turning pale. She had a mild impression that she had been trifled with, but her maidenly modesty was up in arms at the thought of appearing in court. Her entreaties were in vain. All her life she had been obliged to do "as Simon says," and with the torture of a martyr she did it now. Mrs. Barnabas waited until Abner Fletcher was actually married; and then she came down upon him with a sudden swoop.

The newly-made Benedict was greatly amazed. He tried to treat the matter, in his bride's presence, as an excellent joke; but his convulsive smiles were suggestive of jumping toothache. She, confiding little innocent, had believed herself that very rare being, an old bachelor's first choice.

"My sweetest Lavinia, I am sued for breach of promise by an ignorant little country girl. You will hear of it; so I may as well tell you that I offered her my arm once in walking, and she thought I meant it as a proposal of marriage. Don't look so bewildered! You know very little of unsophisticated maidens in the rural districts, or you would understand that such suits are of common occurrence. Any thing like gallantry is dangerous 'up country.' But Lawyer Bartlett will soon put an end to the ridiculous affair. One kiss, my love, and look for me home to-morrow."

The little shire town of Praed was alive to its fingers' ends, though there were only five people to whom this case was one of vital interest—the plaintiff, the plaintiff's parents, the defendant, and last, but not least, James Pinson. The latter sat in one corner of the court-room, his honest face glowering with indignation and anon transfigured with the tenderest sympathy; for he felt, as no other person did, the exceeding delicacy of Tempy Ann's position. It was true the girl had no more resistance than a tow string; still, in spite of her slack-twisted disposition, the man loved her with all the force of a strong nature.

She won the hearts of Judge and jury by her modest beauty, enhanced as it was by an expression of melancholy which suggested a broken heart, but was really nothing more than honest shame. That worthy Nemesis, her mother, sat bolt upright, plying energetically a huge feather fan with a rhythmical motion. Her air of brazen assurance did not prepossess the jury; but who would not pardon some natural failings in the mother of such a plaintiff? Colonel Fletcher saw the impression which Tempy Ann was producing; and really with that bonnet on, his own selection and vastly becoming, he thought she did him honor. No one could blame him for being slightly bewitched by her in his single days. He was glad she had not come to court looking like a dowdy, as by so doing she would have compromised his reputation for good taste.

The case was opened; a few witnesses called upon the stand. Mrs. Nye testified to the wood consumed in the parlor air-tight, to the presents of calico dresses—one striped blue and buff, the other red with a white sprig. These, and the earthen flower-pots, she enlarged upon—which was quite natural, the gifts being exceeding small. She also held up to view remembered rides, letters, bouquets, smiles, and sighs. The jurymen were interested. A few of the first citizens of Flagstaff gave evidence that Colonel Fletcher and the plaintiff had been popularly supposed to be betrothed. Letters were produced and deciphered by a phonographer, when both the defendant and the girl, who would make "the sweetest wife in Christendom," blushed painfully, for the tender sentiments were dreadfully haggled by the rasping voice of the reader.

"The skulking old hypocrite," muttered James Pinson, referring to the Colonel. "Scribbling the very soft sawder I'd have used myself if I had the gift of the gab; only 'twould have been life and death with me, and with him it means nothing more than 'yours truly,' nor hardly that either."

"I find," said Mr. Bartlett, triumphantly, "I find no evidence that my client ever offered marriage to the plaintiff."

But this minor objection was overruled by the court. It certainly is not customary for lovers to make proposals in the presence of a third party, however desirable such a course might be in the eyes of the law. No person in this case could testify to having actually heard any matrimonial questions propounded; but the sweet young plaintiff, when on the witness-stand, gave Mr. Hoskins a view of her left ear and timidly confessed "she thought that was what Colonel Fletcher meant; she had so understood him." She was not cross-examined; the point was too delicate.

Now came the pleas. Mr. Hoskins's harangue was chiefly remarkable for its deep insight into the sufferings of the human heart, and must have had a depressing effect upon the rising generation who listened, for his descriptions of unrequited love were soul-stirring and called for tears. Tempy, in her arm-chair, felt as if she sat in "the valley of wormwood." When her lawyer, with much emotion, held her up for pity, as one whose hopes are crushed for life, since "if the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again," she stole a shy look at James Pinson; but he sat eying his finger-nails with scrupulous care.

"He despises me like every body else," thought the wretched girl. "Would that I had never been born."

Her dejection seemed to the jury very natural under the circumstances; and they all pitied her to a man. It really struck the able Mr. Bartlett as rather a lack of gallantry in him to offer any opposing remarks. He rated his brother counsel soundly, however, for dooming such a blushing rose-bud to wither on the stem.

"'A blighted life!'" sneered he, sweeping his pocket-handkerchief and sifting a grain of dust against the clerk's susceptible nose, "talk of a blighted life to a charming young girl without a crow's foot. Look at her, gentlemen, in the spring-time of her beauty: and then cast an eye at my wrinkled client!" Space was afforded the jury for taking observations, as the prolonged sneezing of the clerk here interrupted the speaker. "A respectable man is my client, as we can all testify, but fast traveling toward a wig and a pair of spectacles. Did I understand my brother counsel to allude to 'love's young dream?' Young, indeed! Love's *middle-aged* dream, he meant. It is all the Colonel is capable of at his time of life; a sentiment that might satisfy our maiden aunts, perhaps, but who wishes his daughter to take up with such shoddy?" Here the bald spot on the defendant's devoted head reddened as if it had been rubbed with "hair-restorer." The Colonel never had the selfishness to wish to blight—(I quote the word appropriately, I think) to *blight* the life of the youthful Miss Nye by uniting his fate with hers! She might possibly have been so short-sighted as to listen to his overtures; but, gentlemen of the jury, he never made any—and she may thank him for never giving her the opportunity of throwing herself away. For my part, I have always

thought there was something left out of the Bible, and where it says 'A woman shall not marry her grandfather,' it ought to add, 'nor a man old enough to be her grandfather.'"

The jury, two of whom were unmarried men and silent admirers of the gentler sex, were scandalized by Lawyer Bartlett's flippancy. An hour later, being shut up in durance vile according to custom, they compared notes, when it appeared that with one exception their sympathies were all with the heart-broken Miss Temperance Nye, and that exception, a Man's Rights individual, only held out faintly and was soon overruled.

Thus it came to pass that, as the gossips had hoped, "the girl got the case," and five thousand dollars with it. A pretty little penny, considering that life was still before her where to choose, and that there were no affections involved—that is, nothing but "nervous affections." For, to do the child justice, she had such fits of trembling for six weeks or more that Mrs. Nye was apprehensive of St. Vitus's dance.

"Pretty time to make a fuss now it's all over," said the tender mother; adding, magnanimously, "If you'll only stop taking on so, I'll give you half the money. Goodness knows though, you don't deserve it, for you never would have got a cent if it hadn't been for me."

Tempy Ann received the gift with stoical indifference. She had been deeply humiliated, and still continued to look like a tombstone and talk like an epitaph.

"I wonder what's James Pinson's notion of coming here so much nowadays?" queried Mrs. Nye some time afterward.

"He has never defined his intentions, mother, but of course, after all that's past, they are not matrimonial," replied Tempy Ann, dejectedly.

"Then they'd better be," returned the law-giver, moulding a pat of butter as if it had been a son-in-law; "and if you don't tell him so I will!"

Tempy Ann dropped the stove-brush. What had softened her mother's iron purpose? She would have been scarcely less surprised if the Franklin air-tight had turned into a pin-cushion. She had not the courage to tell James, but he seemed to hear a word or two with his spiritual ears; and the end of it is, they live on the "Pinson place," and Tempy Ann takes care of the "old folks." Mrs. Nye cleared the farm of debt, and then paid the debt of nature. Her surviving partner, happily "free of all incumbrances," enjoys a home with his really admirable daughter, to whom he bequeaths in his will all the property of which he may "die seized and possessed!" One might easily "file exceptions" to the method of gaining money adopted by the deceased Mrs. Nye; but the loss has proved a mere trifle to the disappointed Colonel Fletcher, whose wife has dashed through his fortune and made him sigh in his old age,

"Alas! it would have been money in my pocket if I had only been in earnest when I made love to Tempy Ann Nye."

A STORY WITH TWO ENDS.

MISS FLUTTERS at home?

Miss Flutters *was* at home, John said, in the drawing-room. *Mr.* Flutters had left word he should be home soon, but had not yet returned from his club. Mr. Flutters was from home. Delicious and rare combination of circumstances, for I had a bone to pick with Madeleine, and this was the bone:

Madeleine, the queen of coquettes, engaged to me, was yet, I feared, encouraging another man of the name of Prior: a man from our club, well-dressed, good-looking, if not intellectual-looking, of gentlemanly manners, but inordinately conceited, and a confirmed flirt. There was a pleasant character to have about a house! A house, too, where the father was easily pleased, easily satisfied, fond of society, and ready to have any number of gentlemanly fools about him; where the lady of the house was a mere girl, attractive, charming, fascinating, intensely lovable, but a coquette; where the youngest daughter, Conny, with bright curls falling around a sober little face and large grave eyes, absorbed the sense.

"Madeleine," I said, gracefully blurting at once into the subject the moment we were left alone: "I find you have got to know Prior during my absence from town."

No jealousy, I flattered myself, in my tone; no discontent that it should be so.

"Yes," said Madeleine, taking up a pinafore of Conny's, and settling down to work like a staid little woman to whom coquetry was unknown.

"You won't think me a bore, Madeleine, or that I wish in any way to interfere with your choice of friends, but—*don't* you find Prior an insufferable coxcomb?"

"No," said Madeleine, intensely interested in the formation of button-holes, "I don't know that I do. Is not he generally liked, then? Papa thinks him so very agreeable."

"Since you *ask* me, Madeleine," I said, "and, mind, it is a thing I should never have mentioned of my own accord; I may tell you that, so far from being *generally* liked, to know that he was intimate at a house would be quite enough to prevent many men from visiting at it."

"Fancy!" said Madeleine, holding up the pinafore to be admired.

"I among them," I went on.

"No?" said Madeleine, quite unmoved by the assertion.

It was becoming evident that my challenge would not be accepted, and that Madeleine declined to show fight.

So, as after war the next best thing is peace: "Perhaps he does not come here often, after all," I said; "I should think, indeed, you would not allow yourself to be bored by him frequently."

"Oh, I don't know," said Madeleine; "I think I am very often bored, one way and another; it doesn't so much matter by whom, you know."

Whereby it will be seen, not only that Madeleine's views were liberal in the extreme, but that she understood to a nicety the art of evading delicate questions, and driving her lovers to desperation.

Jack Stevens was the most easy-going fellow in existence, but it was possible to drive him too far. Miss Flutters was relying too much on his sweetness of temper. He had now reached his limit. The lion within his breast was beginning to require attention.

I put a direct question to her, and waited for an answer.

"Madeleine," I said, "how often has Mr. Prior been here during my absence?"

"I haven't an idea," said Madeleine, slipping at once into feminine resources and accusing her memory. "Conny may recollect, perhaps; but it doesn't matter, does it?"

Another feminine resource. Madeleine abandoned her pedestal of indifference when she saw I was really angry, and descended to coaxing.

"What *can* it matter? You're not going to pretend you're jealous of Mr. Prior, Jack?"

The "Jack" did it. I was her devoted slave, not in the least jealous, and full of wonder at my own suspicions.

"Well, now," said Madeleine, when the pinafore had been duly admired, and small pieces of my heart had been sown on to it in a Greek pattern with braid, and we had both approved of the effect, "I will be candid with you; you shall never say I don't tell you every thing. Mr. Prior *has* been here a good deal."

Madeleine's candor always gave me palpitations of the heart; I never knew what was coming next. However, I gulped down this first edition, with the conviction that it would disagree with me when I came to digest it, happily smiling.

"You won't make me jealous *now*, Madeleine," I said, kissing her; and the pinafore fell from her lap.

"Clumsy!" said Madeleine, pouting. "You won't *let* me work. I'm ashamed of you, Jack. You don't behave half as well as Mr. Prior; he never does such things."

That is to say, reduced to English, Mr. Prior was not in the habit of kissing Miss Flutters.

I should never have imagined he was, myself; but Madeleine was so terribly suggestive that I began to feel uneasy, and the lion within me gave a roar.

"Madeleine, if I imagined such a thing possible, I should at once resign all claim over you, without even waiting to speak to Mr. Flutters on the subject, or wish good-by to your sister."

"That's just what I say," said Madeleine, quietly; "so you needn't flare up so, or I shall not be able to be as candid as I wish. Mr. Prior has not only been here a good many times already, but he is coming to dinner"—here Madeleine coughed a little—"to-night. It's very unfortunate for me, as well as for you, for of course I don't want *him* here the very first night of your return; but he asked himself, and papa couldn't very well refuse him then, could he? though I frowned at him to make him say 'No' till I thought my forehead would never come straight again; and Conny was speechless from surprise."

"It *is* unfortunate," I said, in as gruff a voice as I could manage, with the little jeweled hands pressing me so closely, and the blue eyes glancing—I suppose by accident—at the engagement-ring.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Madeleine, eagerly; and then added, trying to take me by storm, and trusting too much to the softening circumstances: "That's not the worst either. Mr. Prior makes love to me, and I can't tell what to do to make him leave off. He *will* do it, no matter what I do. He will to-night, you'll see."

To be told, after a few weeks' absence, that the girl to whom I was engaged was being made love to by the man I most disliked in the whole world; and that he *would* do it!

"Now, you're not angry with me?" said Madeleine, passing over Mr. Prior's offense, and taking care of number one in a lady-like way, "because it's not been my fault."

"No, I'm not angry with you, Madeleine," I said, "but of course there must be a stop put to it. Leave him to me. He'll not make love to you to-night, I fancy."

This was said with a sneer so very effective that Madeleine was beginning to look frightened. At such a moment who could have believed she was a coquette, before whose witchery young and old fell alike, fondly believing the while they had "made an impression?" Long I sat thus, drinking in long draughts of happiness, building castles of colossal height, all to be inhabited by one enchantress whose wickedness took the form of beauty, whereby she entangled the hearts of men, wooing them to love her by her gentleness, driving them to madness by the laugh in her eyes. But this beautiful witch had said that she loved me, had promised to come and live in my fine castles, and inhabit my high towers, and from henceforth the sole responsibility of controlling her rested with me and my restraining hand. And I was no ways afraid. Love is a strong subduer; now, sitting beside me, her hands clasped in mine, and her blue eyes watching my castles fade and die out in the fire, Prior was as far from her thoughts as from those of little Conny, who, in white frock and colored ribbons, had come in from ablutions, as fresh and as bright as a daisy, and was now standing beside me, watching our quiet happiness with some impatience and a little scorn.

"Poor Con," said Madeleine, rousing a little, and blushing under the child's scrutiny; "how stupid we all are, arn't we? I should soon have gone to sleep if you had not come in. I think it must be the fire. How are you going to amuse Mr. Stevens while I'm dressing for dinner?"

"I shall show him things," said Conny, promptly. And Madeleine left me to amusement.

"Now for a story," I said, drawing Conny, two puzzles, and a toy pump up to a place on my knee and stroking her curls. "What's it to be about? I can tell you a story about any thing you like," I declared, rashly; and Conny instantly put me to open shame.

"Then tell me," she said, holding on by her pump, and settling herself into a position of perfect ease, with a delightful consciousness that it would be beyond my powers; "tell me the story Madeleine tells me the nights you don't come here."

I was completely taken aback. Some story of Madeleine's? Madeleine, whose brilliant imagination could keep Conny quiet for an hour together?

"You would never guess, I see," said Conny, "what it is, and if you don't guess, you can't, of course, tell it. Shall I tell it to you instead? I know it now as well as Madeleine, I think."

"You have heard it very often, then?"

"Very often," assented Conny; "every night when you don't come here Madeleine comes and sits in that low chair and takes me on her lap. She turns up her pretty gray silk, you know, for fear I should crease it, and I sit on her petticoat, and she tells me the story."

"Always the same one?"

"Always the same," said Conny, shaking her curls; "but I don't get tired, it's so pretty, and the end is different sometimes."

"The end is different, Conny?"

"There are two ends!" said Conny, explaining; "one is very pretty indeed. Madeleine likes that one best. I think she tells it oftenest, but sometimes she tells the other end, and then she is so quiet and grave, and once when I kissed her her face was all wet."

"I'm afraid it will be too sad, Conny; I think I'll hear the other end first. Begin, please."

"Well, don't wriggle," said Conny, evidently beginning from the usual starting-point, and the story was commenced.

"Once upon a time," said Conny, "there was a young lady who had two lovers, one very good and one very bad. They were both very fond of her, and very polite." (Conny's notion of love-making was politeness carried to its extreme limit.) "And she liked them both, one in her heart and one in her manner."

Here Conny gave a little gasp. "Do you like it?" she asked.

"Excessively," I assured her; "but I don't understand, Conny, 'and one in her manner.' That was rather odd, wasn't it?"

"*I* thought so," said Conny, doubtfully, "but Madeleine said, 'No, it often happened.' And I suppose *she* knows?"

"Probably," I agreed; and the story went on.

"The good one, the one she liked in her heart, you know, had to go away for a long time, where he couldn't see her at all. And while he was gone the bad one came in, and brought her books—story-books, I suppose—and gave her a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and went out for rides with her, and took her at night to hear music.—Very polite, wasn't it?" Conny looked up in my face, and didn't understand the expression she saw there. "You don't like it," she said; "I shall leave off."

"I *do* like it, Conny. Go on, dear. I want to hear the end. What did the young lady do? Take the things he brought her? Enjoy the rides and the music? Throw the absent one over?"

"I don't understand you," said Conny, in her most sensible manner. "How *could* she throw him over when he was away; and what should she throw him *over*? Very silly!" Having expressed her opinion, Conny went quickly on, that she might not be blamed for having given it.

"Well! He talked, and talked (the bad one did), and said such nice things that sometimes he didn't seem bad at all, Madeleine said; though he always was really, you know. And she could not help liking him very much, and thinking it would be very pleasant to have all his beautiful things for her very own, and go and live with him in his fine large house.—Did I tell you he wanted her to go and live with him?" asked Conny, breaking off.

"The end, Conny; did she say she would?"

"Why, no," said Conny, at once sensibly, and with impatience: "that wouldn't have been ending happily, would it, when the other one was good? He was the best fellow in the world, Madeleine said."

"Goodness is not always appreciated."

There was bitterness in my tone, and Conny lifted the pump in reproof.

"Always," she said, "when things end happily."

She had no intention of moralizing, but imagined she was stating a fact.

"Well, Conny?"

"Well, she thought all this, till she remembered the other one, and how fond he was of her, and how polite he had always been, though he had not nearly such beautiful things as the bad one had, which, of course, prevented him from being as polite as could have been wished. When she remembered this she told the bad one he might live in his fine house himself, and keep all his beautiful things" (here Conny got considerably excited; she spoke with flashing eyes, and hands that gesticulated, dealing me blows with her puzzles and pump), "that she didn't want them, and wouldn't live with him, because she loved the good one better than she had ever, ever, ever loved him. And so do I," said Conny, winding up rather abruptly, and siding with virtue.—"Isn't it pretty?"

The pull up was so very sudden that I was not prepared with an eulogium.

"Don't you like it?" asked Conny, disappointed at my silence. "It's so pretty when Madeleine tells it, and much longer. I think I spoiled it with my words."

"Like it? It's perfectly charming. I was thinking it over, Con dear. I should so like to hear the other end now."

"*I* always say, 'If you're not tired,'" said Conny, suggesting.

I repeated the formula, and was indulged directly.

"The other end is pretty, but very sad. When the good one came back, he found that the beautiful young lady—Madeleine didn't say she was beautiful, but I like to think that she was—had—gone—so—far—with—the—bad—one" (the words came very slowly here; Conny was evidently speaking from memory)—"that—there—was—no—*drawing back*."

"What happened then?" I asked; for the soft voice broke off suddenly.

"I don't know," said Conny. "I'm afraid she forgot the good one, and went to live in the big house, among all the fine things, and that they didn't make her happy, for Madeleine cries so—at least she does sometimes—and sometimes she only kisses me, and sings till I go off to sleep in her arms such pretty sad songs!"

There were no red flashes from the fire now; the room was fast filling with shadows.

"Isn't that sad?" whispered Conny, clinging to me a little, not liking the silence, and secretly afraid of the dark.

"Very sad."

"It doesn't do to mind it, though," she said, trying to combine consolation with sense, "because it's only a story, and not really true, you know. I don't suppose there ever was a beautiful young lady with one bad and one good; and you know there were two ends, and I mean to believe the happy one. Won't you?"

"Dinner, Jack!" said a beautiful young lady in a gray silk dress: and I rose at the sound of her voice.

The dinner was perfection; all my favorite dishes had been thought of. Never had I seen Prior to such advantage. He monopolized Mr. Flutters, and rarely approached the silk dress. Madeleine and I had it all to ourselves. And charming as she always was, she was more than ever so on this evening; happy, I suppose, in the consciousness of her singular beauty, set off to so much advantage by the gray gown, the falling lace of which showed her white shoulders and pretty round arms uncovered. Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and soon after the ladies had retired absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of song from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through any thing, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was the more tea he would necessarily take into his system; so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way?" said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr. Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave, like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things for her very own; "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and—"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?"

The words were Madeleine's, and she recognized them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you forgive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you—"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. Oh, Madeleine darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smiled through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

I instantly said I was sorry too (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances).

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridemaid appeared at the door in a white frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty indeed, dear."

I rather wished she would go away, for I was enjoying a last *tête-à-tête* with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady forever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth-rug and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute and completely upset poor Madeleine.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa and Splutters and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arms, white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears: no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy; "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"Oh, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?"

"You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will *you* do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing cheek against mine and covering me up with her veil.

"I? Oh, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?"

Conny looked up with a flash of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tightened round my neck.

"Say 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.

THE BIRDS' PARADISE.

IN the Central Park, while strolling
By the winding courses,
Where the shining wheels were rolling,
And the fettered horses
Neighed disdain of pomp and glitter,
I could hear a merry twitter
Coming from the bushes.
Saw in council, mid the thorn-brake,
Birds that hunters use ill—
Chaffinch, goldfinch, bull-finch, corn-crake,
And the water-ousel—
Heard the gullinule make clamor,
Heard the little yellow-hammer,
And the noisy thrushes.

Rail and whistling swan were present
From the marshy meadow;
Trogon, lark, and golden pheasant
Gleamed in light and shadow;
There the hoopoe shook her head-crest,
There the wren and robin red-breast
Warbled with the sparrow,
Warbled all the birds together:
"We have found a heaven;
Here no hand shall touch a feather;
Hence no bird be driven;
Nothing here, while making merry
Over shining bug or cherry,
Give us any care O!"

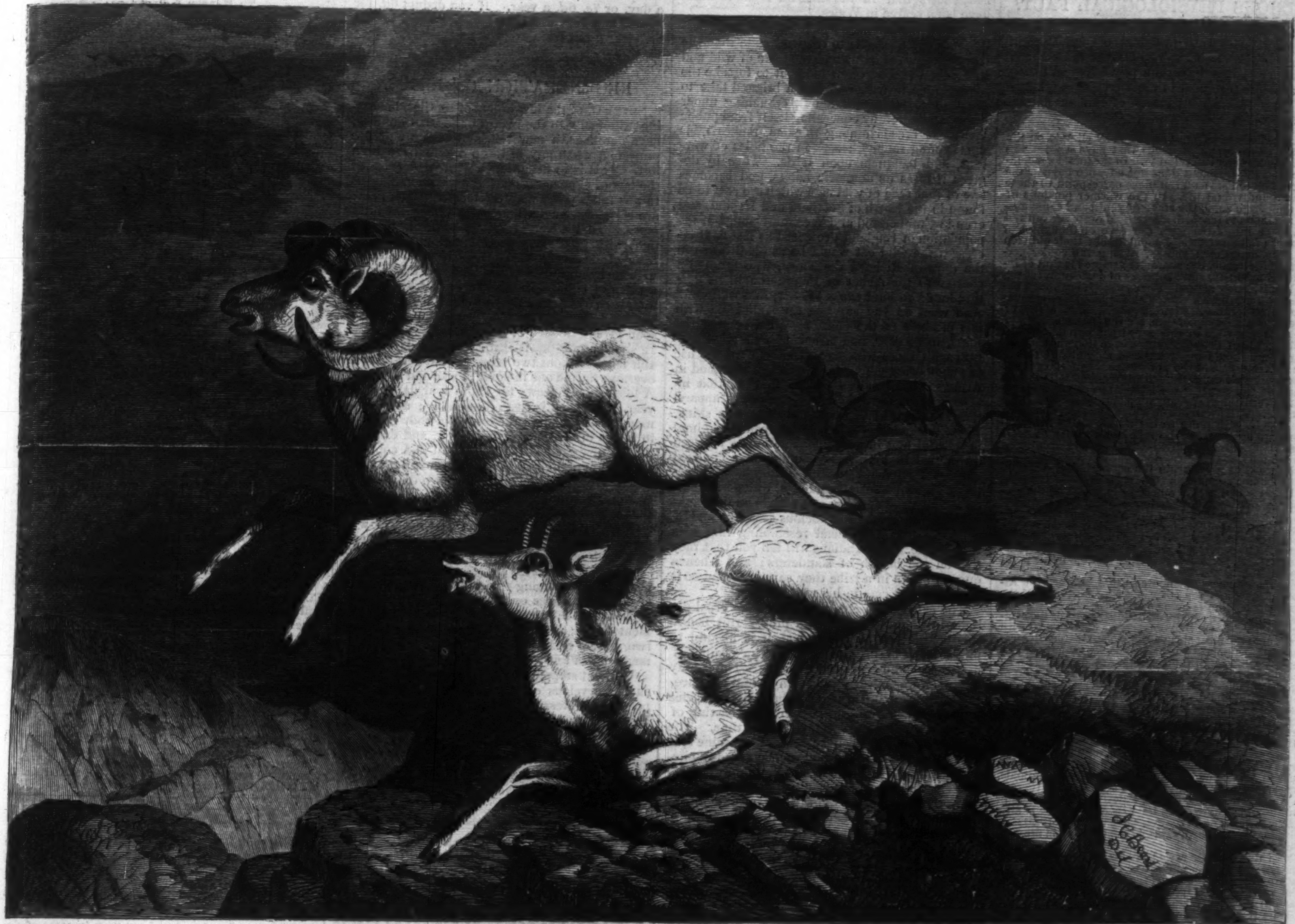
"Here are blue rills, ever running,
And the warmest places
For the washing and the sunning
Of our wings and faces,"
Sang an old bird, slyly cooing;
"And our boy-birds, here a-wooing,
May not fear the rifle!"
Such a clamor, such a flutter,
Such a trill of laughter!
And a dove was heard to mutter,
"They know *who* they're after—
These boy-birds—and how *I'd* use 'em!"
Then her head thrust in her bosom,
Eyes out just a trifle.

Chirped the wren, the subject changing,
"'Tis indeed a treasure—
Such a paradise to range in
At our merry pleasure;
Where, with none to hurt or cross 'em,
Birds may peck each leaf and blossom,
Barred from human fingers!"
And the birds, till myriad stars in
Glory crowned the even,
Warbled praises of their garden
Paradise to heaven;
And sent messengers for others—
Fathers, daughters, old gray mothers,
And their sister singers.

AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

BIRDS FROM THE CENTRAL PARK COLLECTION. N.Y.

1. Sparrow.—2. Sky-Lark.—3. Magpie.—4. Thrush.—5. Ring-Doves.—6. Bull-finch.—7. Blackbird.—8. Macaw.—9. Peacocks.—10. Green Parrot.—11. Cockatoos.—12. Canary.—13. Snow Owl.—14. Crow.—15. Eared Owl.



THE AMERICAN ARGAL OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—Sketched by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 436.]

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE DEER.—Sketched by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 436.]

CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.

In the following paragraphs Dr. Draper, in his new work, the "History of the Civil War in America," just published by Harper & Brothers, points out a very important physiological fact—never before recognized by any previous author—the geographical distribution of human character:

The nations of men are arranged by climate on the surface of the earth in bands that have a most important physiological relation. In the torrid zone, intellectual development does not advance beyond the stage of childhood; all the ideas correspond to those of early individual life. In the warmer portions of the temperate zone, the stage of youth and commencing manhood is reached. A critical observer can not fail to be interested with the tone of thought and manner of action of these populations: their old men are only overgrown youths. Along the cooler portions of that zone, the character attained is that of individual maturity, staid sobriety of demeanor, reflective habits, tardy action. Fire, vivacity, brilliancy, enthusiasm, are here exchanged for coldness, calculation, perseverance. Present gratification, a life of ease, a putting aside of care, are the characteristics of the southern edge of this zone; contentment in the anticipation of a happier future, even though that happier future should imply a life of unremitting toil, is the characteristic of the northern. The former seeks to secure its pleasures from the unrequited toil of those whom it can compel; the latter aims at the same result by securing the equally reluctantly-rendered gains of trade. The one relies on Force, the other too much on Fraud. Still more to the north, as the frigid regions are approached, the type of humanity answers to the later years of individual life—even the children are old men.

Nature thus gives us, in the geographical distribution of human beings, a reflected picture of the ages of individual man. We need not go beyond the precincts of our own republic to recognize that truth.

I have now to turn from the Atlantic to the Pacific region of the United States. In this, considering the recentness of its settlement, our thoughts must be directed, not so much to what is as to what will hereafter be, and, therefore, it is little that upon this point can be said.

Such a sameness of climate as that between the Atlantic States and the corresponding latitudes of the Mississippi Valley is here no longer perceived. There are no longer the equally distributed heats or the symmetrical rains. On the contrary, we have to deal with a region of the most abrupt and violent meteorological contrasts—of a most versatile capacity for animal and vegetable life in all their possible modifications. In localities no very great distance apart there are scorching heats and eternal snows, sandy deserts sterile for want of rain, and districts marked by a perpetual humidity. That wonderful region has the capacity for acclimating all kinds of tropical, subtropical, and temperate forms of both realms, animal and vegetable.

In its interminable plains and basin-like areas, in its mountain heights and on their rapid inclines, new forms of organization will be developed. From such areas in Asia came most of our domesticated animals, our cereals and fruits. In the Pacific region there is an American Arabia, Persia, Palestine, Tartary. For a million of square miles the aspect of nature is altogether Asiatic, and then, on the coast, it abruptly approximates the European. Europe and Asia are here pressed into contact.

Man also, in these varied abodes, will undergo modification; and since, under like circumstances, human nature is always the same, the habits and ideas of the Old World will reappear in the New. The arts of Eastern life, the picturesque Orientalism of Arabia, will be reproduced in our interior sandy desert, the love-songs of Persia in the dells and glades of Sonora, and the religious aspirations of Palestine in the similar scenery of New Mexico.

CATS AND MICE.

The Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit:"

"Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:

"'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

Many persons take pleasure in calumniating this excellent member of society, and we shall have something presently to say in its defense. For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessings of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patroled the kitchen is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many of the monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe; but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal that Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period, and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the Middle Ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

There is no creature which relapses more easily from the domestic to the wild state than the cat. Neglect at home and the taste of wild and living food abroad often tempt it to forsake the inhospitable hearth, and like a brigand take to the woods. It prowls about, crouching under cover, and carefully concealing itself from public view. It breeds among thickets, makes raids upon young rabbits, sleeps in the holes of warrens, and banquets upon birds. Thus by degrees it loses its domestic habits, and becomes one of that race of wild cats which are still to be found in the North of Scotland and Ireland, and even in Cumberland and Westmoreland. If the population of England decreased as fast as it increases the wild cat would be as plentiful as in the days of Richard the Third, who granted a charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, permitting him "to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat." And what do you suppose the Abbot did with this produce of the chase? Why, he sold the skins, to be sure, and struck many a good bargain with those who prepared them for the use of neighboring convents; for it was ordained in Archbishop Borboyl's canons in 1127 that no abbesa or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made from lambs' and cats' skins. There is as much difference between the animal in its wild and in its domestic state as between a cannibal in his native haunts and a civilized European surrounded with luxury and refinement. The red-furred wild cats, which are hunted through the marshes and forests on the banks of the Mississippi, are ferocious as tigers, and of a huge size, with a head resembling that of a rattlesnake. The Indians will tell you that they live on the breath of slanderers; and when a quarrel arises in a tribe they say, "So-and-so is breeding wild cats in his wigwam."

The cat is often charged with taking cruel delight in the sufferings of its prey. But before this charge can be established, it is needful to prove that it is conscious of its victim's pain. If not, there is no cruelty in the case. The faculty of speech was never given to an animal but once, and then it rebuked the hand that smote it thrice with a staff. Addison speaks of the roasting of a cat as a common spectacle in his time. The sport consisted in seeing troops of the same species assemble, attracted by their comrade's piteous wailing. But which was the more cruel—the cat that was burned alive, or the men and boys that kindled the bonfire? It is difficult, no doubt, to say what end is answered by the prolonged agonies and terror of the mouse before it receives the *coup de grace*, but the cat meanwhile is only following its instinct, which is at once playful and destructive. If she had a bird between her claws instead of a small quadruped, she would bite off its head or wound it mortally at once, as if sensible of its chance of escape. Whatever detractors may say, she is capable of forming a strong attachment to those who treat her kindly. "Le chat s'attache à la maison, et le chien à son maître," is simply a libel; nor will we accept the compliment to the dog when it is offered at the expense of the cat. All who observe this animal's habits closely will discover in it proofs of affection. You may often see a kitten which will run to the call of one person, and one only. See how it leaps over the cabbages in the garden, makes its way among the pease, climbs up the favorite's dress, and fixes itself on the back of her neck! Here is another of the same tribe. Years ago its mistress left it with a friend, but when she returns, after ever so long an interval, she is recognized and welcomed. As soon as she is seated it creeps round and round her, and jumps into her lap—a familiarity with which it honors no one else in the world. Did you never see a cat among the mourners when the master is dead? It is always searching about for him. The dead man's brother takes it with him on one of his circuits, and does every thing he can to console it. But all in vain—the cat pines away, and literally frets itself to death. We have seen it ourselves, and this instance is only one among many.

As puss is not poetical, so also is she any thing but musical. Mewing and caterwauling are as unlike harmony as a bagpipe, a zampogna, or that vilest of all the inventions of Jubal, the cat-call, which the *Spectator* so humorously criticised in the days of Queen Anne. Yet we ought not to forget that to the cat we owe in part the most perfect of all instruments and the most exquisite music. Without her aid the violin-maker would be at a loss to find his strings, and Paganini would never have elicited such sweet and elaborate variations from a single chord. But have we no debt of gratitude to the mouse also? Is it simply to be hunted down and doomed to extermination? Seeing that the female produces from six to eight young seven or eight times a year, and that there is little chance of extirpating the race, might it not be as well to turn them to account if possible? The French taught them, years ago, to turn wheels, like squirrels, and if all that is said be true, they are likely soon to take an active part among us in the field of industry. A gentleman in Scotland has trained some mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton-yarn. The work is done on the tread-mill principle. The machine is so constructed that the common house-mouse can atone for its past offenses by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day. To effect this the little laborer must run ten miles and a half—a journey which it can perform every day with ease. Now, an ordinary mouse weighs but half an ounce, and a half-penny's worth of oat-meal, 1*s.* 3*d.* a peck, will feed it for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads a day, being an average of 3850 threads of 25 inches each, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. In the ordinary way 1*d.* is paid to women for every cut. At this rate, then, a mouse earns 9*d.* every five weeks, which is ¼*d.* a day, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a year. If you deduct 6*d.* for board, and 1*s.* for machinery, there will be left 6*s.* clear profit from every mouse yearly.

REGENERATION OF LIMBS.

Several of the low orders of reptiles, belonging principally to the Lizard or Saurian families, have new legs, a new tail, and even a new eye projected, when any of those organs have been lost. This is in accordance with what is called the law of compensation. A process analogous to this takes place with the lobster. The males are a jealous, pugnacious class among the crustacea. In the vernal season particularly they fight with prodigious energy, and, among other feats of dexterity, clip off each other's claws with their huge shears as readily as a tailor snips a piece of cloth. In the course of a few weeks after such an amputation, if below the third joint, a small pulpy eminence begins to appear, which soon gives evidence of being a miniature claw. In short, a new one is ultimately fully developed. But it takes about two years for the new claw to overtake the old one in point of size and strength. A lobster only grows for about four days in the year. The shell is cast off annually; and at the moment of shedding the crust the body expands in all its dimensions very quickly, and enlarges till the new shell becomes so hard and compact as to admit of no further growth, and all the body remains fixed till the shell is thrown off the next season, when another increase takes place. In that way the new leg overtakes the old ones in all their relations. This fact will explain why lobsters are seen on sale with one large claw and one small one on the opposite side.

Some of the worms possess the extraordinary property of becoming perfectly distinct beings by cutting them once or twice apart. Each piece will soon have a head and tail, with a readjustment of all the internal organs—so that one, two, three, and sometimes more, are actually made out of one!

Without stopping to discuss the philosophy of such marvelous conditions of life, we are compelled to confess that the resources of nature not only excite our admiration, but strengthen a belief in the existence of God.

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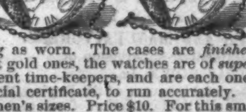

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